WINTER SPORTS VERSE

WILLIAMS HAYNES
JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON

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WINTER SPORTS VERSE

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CHOSEN BY

WILLIAMS HAYNES

AND

JAMES LEROY HARRISON

CAMP-FIRE VERSE

INTRODUCTION BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

FISHERMAN'S VERSE

INTRODUCTION BY

HENRY VAN DYKE

WINTER SPORTS VERSE

INTRODUCTION BY

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WINTER SPORTS VERSE

CHOSEN BY
WILLIAMS HAYNES
AND
JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
WALTER PRICHARD EATON

NEW YORK
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1919

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To
MELVIL DEWEY
of the Lake Placid Club
"trail-breaker" through Adirondack snows
for all true winter sportsmen

WINTER

What did Winter mutter?
O ye frozen ponds,
Ring, as on the flying skate
Rapid couples, maid and mate,
Skim in cosy bonds!
Bless me, what a scarlet nose
Comes with Robin home from school!
How his pilot jacket shows
Ghosts of snowballs on the wool!
Here are drifts beside the door,
Flakes that melt on Laura's face,
Shameless hurricanes that roar
Anger into ev'ry place!
Here's a splendid pavement-slide,
Made by pourings from the jugs;
Even babies take a pride,
Helping with their china mugs!
Now's the hour when chestnuts roast,
Now for father's promised ghost!
Children, Winter's come anew—
Love him, for he worships you!
Winter's come!

NORMAN GALE

INTRODUCTION

Poetry, said Wordsworth, in a famous definition, is emotion remembered in tranquility. But the tranquility which follows an emotional experience or adventure is usually the tranquility of intense reflection. The tranquility which follows a physical experience, however emotionally charged with pleasure, is generally the tranquility of bodily relaxation and well-being. Hence, perhaps, the undoubted fact that the verses in this anthology are not, on the whole, so subtle nor so rapturously lyric nor so passionate nor disturbingly eloquent as would be a collection, let us say, of poems about love. No coquette, to be sure, not the fascinating Beatrice herself, can provide more excitement and variety, and in a shorter space of time, than a pair of skis on a mountain side. But there is a certain difference in quality; and the ski runner has always a snowdrift, soft as oblivion, to land in. Remembering in tranquility the emotion of that descent, the ski runner is more likely to burst into laughter than into poetry. Your true poet comes pensive from his spiritual adventure, and a pallid complexion traditionally marks the visitation of the

muse. Your devotee of winter sports comes noisily from his frozen out-of-doors to the warmth of the fire, and his face glows ruddy. The fact of the matter is, he is quite too healthy to be poetic!

Why, then, an anthology of verses about winter sports, even if William Wordsworth did skate, and Amy Lowell go sleigh riding, and Bobby Burns curl, by way of proving that what we have just said doesn't have to be true? I can only answer that such an anthology, in the first place, is probably not compiled for Serious Students of English Prosody, but for men and women who love the hardy, outdoor winter sports so well that they would welcome a collection of winter-sport verses; and, in the second place, speaking quite seriously, such an anthology does show, in addition to a certain number of poems obviously the record of a poetic emotional experience, a very considerable number of verses quite as obviously the spontaneous record of a cheery, healthful, zestful, good time, which caused the participants to make, at the least, a joyful noise. So cheery, so zestful, have been these good times, so honestly have the participants endeavored to record them in jovial measures, that even an unfortunate person who has never shot down the Montreal toboggan slide nor panted after a hockey puck nor swept a ringing circle on his outer edge nor herring-boned up a steel hillside on

skis, can hardly fail to catch something of the infectious health that underlies them. The rest of us cannot be critical, the haze of reminiscence rises too thickly about us from the pages—or is it blown snow powder?

When the Dartmouth Outing Club is making one of its long hikes, from cabin to cabin through the forests and over the glittering, naked expanses of the White Mountains, and when the members reach the Moosilauke hut, and are "too near pipped to talk," you will note that they do not resent the absence of Ysaye to play them Bach; they vastly prefer "Ernie and his old harmonicaw." I like Dryden's Song for St. Cecelia's Day, but I also like the nameless Dartmouth student's song to Ernie and his old harmonicaw. I like it because it brings to my mind with great vividness the carefree, sturdy, laughing line of ski-clad boys following the trail breaker through the New Hampshire snows, performing feats that require real hardiness for the pure love of exercise and of the vast freedom of the mountains; and because, behind the boys, even as they snuggle in their shelters and pile the wood on the fire, I glimpse the amethyst-tinted crystal battlements of Moosilauke or Washington, and above the wail of Ernie's harmonicaw I hear the sigh and surge of the wind come down Jobildunc Ravine.

It was this same Dartmouth Outing Club which

once undertook to ascend Mount Washington in a blizzard, or, rather, four members, roped together, undertook the feat. The snow was so thick that none of the four could see the others, nor hear them, either. At the Halfway House the rear man braced his feet and hauled the other three down to him, communicating at close quarters his decision to turn back. As he was the heaviest member of the party, his decision carried weight, as it were. There are certain elements of balladry here, surely, though Ernie will have to desert the "harmonicaw" for some instrument which leaves his lips unemployed, if he is to be the club troubadour!

But, jovial and ruddy as winter sports are, they have a side which is more or less lacking in the sports of summer, the competitive sports, at any rate. They have a lonely side, a still, reflective side, which, for some of us, adds immeasurably to their charm. Who, for example, not only in impressionable boyhood but in later years, has not known the experience described by Charles G. D. Roberts in his poem, "The Skater"? You move away from the throng, under the cold winter moon, drawn by some quite irresistible impulse, and glide far down the pond, or over the black ice of the winding river, between wooded banks. The utter stillness of the winter night enfolds you, broken only by the ring and crunch of your own runners,

and now and then a long-drawn, booming ice crack. And suddenly there is mystery and terror under the ice below you, in the shadowy woods about you, a delicious terror, a cold mystery, that send you back on rapid runners till the shouts of your fellows are heard again. What snowshoe tramper, too, has broken trail through new snow, into the depths of the powdered forest, walking over buried fences and transformed fields at first, and then plunging in under groined crystal arches, without feeling that he was somehow in another world, entering a wonderful, hushed cathedral, and almost bowed in worship of the storm god and the tinting sun? What snowshoe tramper, again, has crossed other tracks in the deep woods without something of the thrill of Crusoe, or even turned back at day's end over his own tracks, to welcome the broken trail and glow with an odd warmth as if his own shadow self were welcoming him? When the ill-fated Scott party had almost reached the South Pole they came suddenly, there on the virgin snows, at the peak of the world, hundreds and hundreds of miles from human camp, upon the tracks of skis! Just that, and no more, but the tracks spelled "Nansen"—they spelled defeat in the race for the pole. I have often thought of that little party, on the Antarctic plateau, amid solitude of eternal winter, looking down at those tracks, and I have wondered if any scene

could be more strange and more poignant. A grim, stern sport they were engaged in? Yes—but a sport, none the less. Only the purest, finest spirit of sport can carry men to the summit of high mountains, to the depths of great jungles, to the frozen poles.

There is, too, a peculiar homesickness known only to those who have followed the frosty way. You will find it voiced in Frank Lillie Pollock's poem, "The Lost Trail." The vast silence of snow spaces, the obliteration of the more familiar aspects of the world, the delicious locomotion of skis or the steady plod-plod of snowshoes, the loneliness, the freedom, the exceeding great benefaction of fire, the sudden aroma of tea and bacon, all these things combine to haunt the memory, and a man does not need, even, to have been a north woodsman to feel and understand. In my own New England township I go out over the mountain, mile after mile through a forest tracked only by the deer, the rabbits, the foxes, and now and then a wildcat; and when, in town, I see a new fall of snow turning to dirty slush in Madison Square a great longing suddenly seizes me to rush away, back to my skis or snowshoes, back to the chill, silent forests that clothe my mountain, where the snow lies deep and soft and clean—so blessedly clean!

In one respect I find this anthology sadly deficient. There seems to be no poem in it about chopping

wood in winter, preferably up a mountain side where each new-fallen tree opens a vista across the white valley to the far wall of amethyst hills. Why has no poet celebrated this joyous pastime? Chopping wood is not merely utilitarian—it is a glorious sport as well. The right swing and accurate stroke of an ax gives you all the pleasure of a cleanly executed drive or full cleek shot, combined with the muscular thrill of a tremendous smash in tennis. And the ultimate destination of the wood, too, when the sledges have taken it down the mountain—the wide, cheerful fireplaces of home—does that not make it a sport? After all, the end of every ski run, of every snowshoe tramp, of all the glorious, brisk, tingling sports of winter, is the roaring hearth, the home cheer. Though home be but a cabin or a bark lean-to, the wallowing flames are warmth and comfort and security—and those things are home. So, although they be icy, the sports of winter are mellow, too; they combine hardihood with relaxation, both in rich degree. I suspect that for us Americans they have only just begun to find their rightful place in our literature.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Twin Fires, Sheffield, Massachusetts

PREFACE

This book, like its companion volume, "Camp-Fire Verse," is a pioneer—the first collection of poems of the various winter sports. The task of its compilation has been principally a search for material, and in this respect at least it has differed absolutely from its immediate predecessor in this "Verse of the Open Series," for it was necessary to discard four poems for one included in "Fisherman's Verse."

Winter sports—as organized, recognized sports—are comparatively few. Skiis were referred to by Procopius in the sixth century, and the earliest Jesuit fathers described the snowshoes of the Canadian Indians; but it is only recently that the ancient utilitarian purposes of both skiis and snowshoes have been adopted to the uses of the most rugged and most exhilarating of all out-of-door pastimes. Our Canadian neighbors discovered before we did the good fun that one who hibernates misses, and their carnivals at Montreal and Quebec were famous long before we learned to pay due homage to the Ice King on his royal preserves at Lake Placid, St. Paul, Saranac, Hanover. Now, however, hundreds

of Americans are each winter discovering for themselves that fond memories of "belly whoppers" down the schoolhouse hill pale before the thrilling realities of the ski, toboggan, and ice-boat.

Laurence Perry, in a most interesting magazine article on winter sports in American colleges, has said: "There is poetry in the winter hills that grips; a lure that once felt is irresistible." Out of these materials many followers of the winter sports have made this book, for like its companion volumes, this is an anthology of the verse of sport by the men of the sport. These winter sports are today making their own traditions and have yet to establish that foundation upon which so much of the best sporting verse rests. Accordingly, this collection has of necessity its definite short-comings. It is our hope, however, that its publication will help to crystalize the spirit of the winter sportsman and by describing vividly the keen pleasures that are his, will win new devotees to winter sports.

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Isaac R. Pennypacker for "The Snowshoe Trail."

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which has been revised and in part rewritten especially for this volume.

Andrew F. Underhill for "Lift the Sled Along," written especially for this volume and never before published.

To Walter Prichard Eaton our thanks are due not only for his poem "Skis" (from "Echoes and Realities," published by George H. Doran, New York, 1918), but especially for the Introduction which he has written for this book.

WILLIAMS HAYNES
JOSEPH LE ROY HARRISON

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
September 5, 1919.

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WINTER SPORTS VERSE

THE LASH OF THE NORTHLAND

Where the rafters of the world-roof fade beneath
the Northern Light,
And the icy air smites shivering o'er the floes;
Where the bleak half-year of sun flees the black
half-year of night,
And the stars eternal stab the lifeless snows:
There lies the land that's God's own land—the land
of frozen sea,
The land that lures the heart that brooks no sway.
And the lubber has no portion in its heritage with
me;
For it's men, red-blooded men, that tread the
way.

And it's, Lash your team of huskies!
And it's, Lift the sled along!
And it's, Climb the frozen hummocks where the
wind is biting strong!
And it's, Fight your way through blizzard
With the cold a-grip your gizzard!
And it's, Push for the top of the world, boys!

Oh, the cliffs frown bleak and sullen on the tide of Melville Sound,
Where the glaciers topple roaring to the deep;
And the stately castled bergs in procession sail around,
And the howling wind swings wider in its sweep.
And the dogs' heads now are drooping at the telling, killing pace,
And our breath comes hard and frozen on the gale.
Lord! it's never stop or listen but it's buckle to the race!
For we're men, red-blooded men, who break the trail.

And it's, Lash your team of huskies!
And it's, Lift the sled along!
And it's, Climb the frozen hummocks where the wind is biting strong!
And it's, Fight your way through blizzard
With the cold agrip your gizzard!
And it's, Push for the top of the world, boys!

There's a white bear at the headland; there's a walrus on the floe;
And the seals lie shining sleek beneath the sun.
There's a monster blubber whale—God! you see him slosh and blow!—
And there's hunger at the trigger of your gun.

And the death-bolt, through the silence of the still,
ghost-sheeted air,
Leaps forth in sudden burst of lurid flame.
Ho! there's meat for them that take it—for dog
and you a share.
Ye are men, red-blooded men, who play the game.

And it's, Lash your team of huskies!
And it's, Lift the sled along!
And it's, Climb the frozen hummocks where the
wind is biting strong!
And it's, Fight your way through blizzard
With the cold agrip your gizzard!
And it's, Push for the top of the world, boys!

Where the swirling, endless snow-drifts bar the
reaches to the Pole,
And the thundering ice piles up at Baffin's Bay,
From Spitzbergen to Ungava there are tasks to
break the soul
Of the scum who give scant service for their pay.
There's no berth for human slackers with a grouch
for shortened hours,
Where the sleet comes blown white-heated in its
wrath.
'Tis a full day's grilling job near a white-faced
death that lowers:
And it's men, red-blooded men, who break the
path.

And it's, Lash your team of huskies!
And it's, Lift the sled along!
And it's, Climb the frozen hummocks where the wind is biting strong!
And it's, Fight your way through blizzard
With the cold agrip your gizzard!
And it's, Push for the top of the world, boys!

There are grim, long days of silence in the sun's white glistening glare,
E'er your trek of frozen hours it is done.
And there's sleep where you can take it, with a meal of scanty fare,
Till the next far goal of latitude is won.
And, whether man or coward, you must meet the test of fate—
And it searches to the soul of all that's You!
At the North life shifts no burdens to the shoulders of the State,
Where's it's men, red-blooded men, who see it through.

And it's, Lash your team of huskies!
And it's, Lift the sled along!
And it's, Climb the frozen hummocks where the wind is biting strong!
And it's, Fight your way through blizzard,
With the cold agrip your gizzard!
And it's, Push for the top of the world, boys!

In the dun, long night of winter there are thoughts
that search your soul
Through the leaden hours of waiting for the
light.
Men, O men we left behind us, ye are striving to-
wards a goal—
God grant that ye be piloted aright!
From the stern North came man's freedom, as the
meed of duty done;
Shall ye sell it for a promise free of pain?
Shall ye scorn the price of payment for the prizes
to be won?
Shall your sires, red-blooded men, have striven
in vain?

No!—Then lash your team of Huskies!
Come, lift the sled along!
And climb life's frozen hummocks where the
wind is biting strong!
And fight your way there, voicing
The old, stern creed, rejoicing!
And push for a man's true world, boys!

ANDREW F. UNDERHILL

A NORTHERN WINTER'S WELCOME

Hurrah for the ski! and the taut snowshoe
And the swift skate's shrill refrain!
When the world's enwrapped in it's mantle new
And winter awakes again!

I laugh as I see him cover the wolds
With a fair soft pall of white,
And rejoice at the drifting, swirling folds
That bury them out of sight.
For the wattled shoe will come by its own,
And so will the speeding ski;
Now the white paved track has at last been sown
Where the Mercury-footed flee

Up the hillside steeep and the graded slopes,
And cheerily bound away,
With spring as light as the antelope's
Or sprite's or storied fay.

With their limbs bent lithe and their hearts right blithe,
As poised in flight in space,
On the flashing ski, in a curving line
They speed their aerial race.

Or the vale they skim and the mount they scale
With the snowshoe's magic glide,
And the wind outrun and the storm outsail,
With strong and swishing stride.

Then hail to the frost! and the Northern king!
And hail to their reign benign!
May the snowshoe's swing and the keen skate's ring
Be heard till the end of time!

For they bring good health, and sturdiest strength,
And healing's on their wings.
And the frame will glow, and the blood swift flow
Wherever their music sings.

C. TURNER

TALLY-HO

I sing you a song to-night, my lads,
A song of the frost and snow;
Of the sport so rare and the bracing air
That quicken the pulse's flow!
Others may sing of the budding spring,
Or the autumn's mellow glow,
But the winter for me with its life so free
And the tramps through the drifting snow.

Let us away where the breezes play,
Over the glittering snow;
Merrily sing, till the echoes ring
To the snowshoers' "Tally-ho!"

Then weave me a garland gay, my lads,
Bright holly and fair mistletoe;
To Winter we'll sing, and crown him King,
Ermine-wrapped in a mantle of snow.
With the rod and the gun we now have done,
The crosse and the oar may go;
But the snow-shoe to me a friend shall be,
As we tramp o'er the sparkling snow.

I give you a toast to-night, my lads,
To pledge you wherever you go:
"Our Canada fair and the lads who wear
The snow-shoe!" Hurrah—Tally-ho!
May her Knights of the Shoe to their country be true,
At her call ever ready to go,
And her honor defend! Ay! e'en though the end
Be a grave 'neath the shrouding snow!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS

THE WINTER CAMP

The walls of log are thick and stout;
  The rugged hearth is wide and gray;
The roof will keep the thin winds out—
  The fire will chase the frosts away;
    While we take comfort merrilee,
    And spin brave yarns above the tea.

Lacobie tells of caribou
  And long, gray wolves, in Labrador;
And Stanley sings the red canoe;
  And Dick expounds his Micmac lore;
    While I talk glibly as I can,
    With one eye on the frying pan.

We talk of deeds in field and wood,
  Of fir-clad hills and miles of spruce—
The alder-swamps' gray solitude—
  The trampled shelter of the moose;
    And when the bacon is fried brown
    We let the conversation down.

Our snowshoes stand against the wall—
They need good rest, for they have gone
Down forest trails, where shy beasts call—
A giant journey since the dawn.
I wonder if they ever tire
And want to lounge about the fire?

What matters it tho' winds blow chill
And foot the drifts about our door,
When we have fire-light, and good-will,
And bear-skins strewn upon the floor,
And bacon, and a pot of tea
To make the time go merrilee?

THEODORE ROBERTS

MEN OF THE HIGH NORTH

Men of the High North, the wild sky is blazing;
  Islands of opal float on silver seas;
Swift splendors kindle, barbaric, amazing;
  Pale ports of amber, golden argosies.
Ringed all around us the proud peaks are glowing;
  Fierce chiefs in council, their wigwam the sky;
Far, far below us the big Yukon flowing,
  Like threaded quicksilver, gleams to the eye.

Men of the High North, you who have known it;
  You in whose hearts its splendors have abode;
Can you renounce it, can you disown it?
  Can you forget it, its glory and its goal?
Where is the hardship, where is the pain of it?
  Lost in the limbo of things you've forgot;
Only remain the guerdon and gain of it;
  Zest of the foray, and God, how you fought!

You who have made good, you foreign faring;
  Your money magic to far lands had whirled;
Can you forget those days of vast daring,
  There with your soul on the Top o' the World?
Nights when no peril could keep you awake on
  Spruce boughs you spread for your couch in the snow;
Taste all your feasts like the beans and the bacon
  Fried at the camp-fire at forty below?

Can you remember your huskies all going,
Barking with joy and their brushes in air;
You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing,
Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear?
Monarch, your kingdom unravisht and gleaming;
Mountains your throne, and a river your car;
Crash of a bull moose to rouse you from dreaming;
Forest your couch, and your candle a star.

You who this faint day the High North is luring
Unto her vastness, taintlessly sweet;
You who are steel-braced, straight-lipped, enduring,
Dreadless in danger and dire in defeat:
Honor the High North ever and ever,
Whether she crown you, or whether she slay;
Suffer her fury, cherish and love her—
He who would rule, he must learn to obey.

Men of the High North, fierce mountains love you;
Proud rivers leap when you ride on their breast.
See, the austere sky, pensive above you,
Dons all her jewels to smile on your rest.
Children of Freedom, scornful of frontiers,
We who are weaklings honor your worth.
Lords of the Wilderness, Princes of Pioneers,
Let's have a rouse that will ring round the earth.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

A WINTER RIDE

Who shall declare the joy of the running?
  Who shall tell of the pleasures of flight?
Springing and spurning the tufts of wild heather,
  Sweeping, wide-winged, through the blue dome
    of light.
Everything mortal has moments immortal,
  Swift and God-gifted, immeasurably bright.

So with the stretch of the white road before me,
  Shining snow crystals rainbowed by the sun,
Fields that are white, stained with long, cool, blue
    shadows,
  Strong with the strength of my horse as we run.
Joy in the touch of the wind and the sunlight!
  Joy! With the vigorous earth I am one.

AMY LOWELL

SKIS

A pale new moon hung in the western sky
Above the banners of retreating day,
Almost it seemed a golden aeroplane
To spy on night, pursuing from the east.
The summit elm where I stood sent out
An endless shadow from the light, so faint
It was a dimming breath of amethyst
Across the mirror of the wind-swept snow.
The world, I thought, had never been so still;
I heard the tinkle of a blown ice chip,
The crack of frozen bark within the tree
As with the night the day's thaw stiffened up,
The faint, far baying of a village dog;
But other sound was not, except the wind,
Viewless and chill, forever rushing by.
Below my feet the pasture dropped away
With white-capped boulders strewing it, a long
Descent to that toy barn and tiny house
That snuggled warmly by the valley road,
Behind a hemlock screen. I pulled my cap
More firmly down about my ears, drew in
One last deep breath of stinging air, and slipped
My skis across the rim: then farewell breath,
And almost vision, too, as tears rolled down

My cheeks, while past my face the riven air
Tore by, and all the hillside flew to meet
My flying figure with a low-hissed song—
The song of rapid runners cleaving snow!
A moment only, and the barn appeared
Looming beside me, that had been a toy.
A stem with all my strength, a spurt of snow,
And I was through the gate, where ran the road
Sedate and level past the valley farms.
Far up above me on the lonely hill
My summit elm sentinelled the ridge,
A toy tree children might take out and stand
Beside their soldiers on the play-room floor.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A SNOW-SHOE TRAMP

Away, away o'er the glittering snow,
Blanketed, moccasined, merry we go,
To the laughing word and the joyous song,
And the clicking of snow-shoes light and strong:
Away to the river, whose frozen tides
The flawless carpet of ermine hides;
O'er feathery billows of drifted snow
That lie like a fleece o'er the depths below,
As free and as light as birds of the air,
We tramp o'er this snow-bound desert, fair.

Past sentinels looming on either shore,
Of cedar and fir and tamarack hoar;
Past openings deep in the ice and snow,
And the stakes that anchor the nets below,
Where the silvery smelt and the haddock strong
Are the fisherman's gain through the winter long:
Past wonderful snow-fringed forests of green
Where the fires of the Micmac camp are seen;
And barrens of pine, where the moose and deer
May wander at will in the moonlight clear;
Past scattering homes, whose glimmering lights
Some message may bear to the wooded heights,
Where fathers and sons and husbands toil,

To wrest from the forest its wealth of spoil;
Past all, in their frost-gemmed setting of white,
And the radiant moonlit charm of night.

To the merry jest and the snatch of song,
And the whispered query, we haste along;
To the laughter of hearts which know no care,
Save that which an Eros has planted there;
For e'en in the midst of a snow-shoe tramp,
The wandering archer may set his stamp,
And the silver shaft from his ice-bound string,
Through northern blizzards its way may wing,
As some blanketed Psyche's laughing eyes,
May prove in this moonlight tramp, the prize.

BEATRICE HARLOWE

SONG OF THE CHAMOIS HUNTER

Oh, brave may be those bands, perchance,
  Who ride where tropic deserts glow—
Who bring with lasso and with lance
  The tiger to their saddle's prow:
But I would climb the snowy track
  Alone, as I have ever been,
And with a chamois on my back,
  Descend to merry Meyringen.

Oh, they may sing of eyes of jet,
  That melt in passion's dreamy glance;
Of forms that to the castanet
  Sway through the languor of the dance:—
But let me clasp some blue-eyed girl,
  Whose arms impulsive clasp again;
And through a storm of music whirl
  The dizzy waltz at Meyringen.

And they may sing, as oft they will,
  Of joy beneath the southern vine,
And in luxurious banquets fill
  Their goblets with the orient wine:—
But when the Alpland winter rolls
  His tempests over hill and glen,
Let me sit 'mid the steaming bowls
  That cheer the nights at Meyringen.

Brave men are there with hands adroit
  At every game our land deems good;
To wrestle, or to swing the quoit,
  Or drain the bowl of brotherhood:
And when the last wild chase is through,
  We'll sit together, gray-haired men,
And, with the gay Lisette to brew,
  Once more be young in Meyringen.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

COUNTRY SLEIGHING

Push back the tables, and from the stables
  Bring Tom, the fiddler, in;
All take your places, and make your graces
  And let the dance begin.
The girls are beating time
  To hear the music sound;
Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it,
  And swing your partners round.

Last couple toward the left! all forward!
  Cotillons through, let's wheel:
First tune the fiddle, then down the middle
  In old Virginia Reel.
Play Money Musk to close,
  Then take the "long chassé,"
While in to supper, supper, supper,
  The landlord leads the way.

The bells are ringing, the 'ostlers bringing
  The cutters up anew;
The beasts are neighing; too long we're staying,
  The night is half-way through.
Wrap close the buffalo-robes,
  We're all aboard once more;
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
  Away from the tavern-door.

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow,
And swiftly homeward glide.
What midnight splendor! how warm and tender
The maiden by your side!
The sleighs drop far apart,
Her words are soft and low;
Now, if you love her, love her, love her,
'Tis safe to tell her so.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE SKATER

My glad feet shod with the glittering steel
I was the god of the wingéd heel.

The hills in the far white sky were lost,
The world lay still in the wide white frost.

And the woods hung hushed in their long white
dream
By the ghostly, glimmering, ice-blue stream.

Here was a pathway, smooth like glass,
Where I and the wandering wind might pass

To the far-off palaces, drifted deep,
Where Winter's retinue rests in sleep.

I followed the lure, I fled like a bird,
Till the startled hollows awoke and heard

A spinning whisper, a sibilant twang,
As the stroke of the steel on the tense ice rang;

And the wandering wind was left behind
As faster, faster, I followed my mind.

Till the blood sang high in my eager brain,
And the joy of my flight was almost pain.

Then I stayed the rush of my eager speed
And silently went as a drifting seed—

Slowly, furtively, till my eyes
Grew big with the awe of a dim surmise,

And the hair of my neck began to creep
At hearing the wilderness talk in sleep.

Shapes in the fir-gloom drifted near.
In the deep of my heart I heard my fear;

And I turned and fled, like a soul pursued,
From the white, inviolate solitude.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

DARTMOUTH'S WINTER CAMPS

When we're crowdin' to the fireside up at Cube or Moosilauke
And our pipes are draggin' slowly and we're too near pipped to talk;
When a vasty sense o' vittles takes possession of us all,
When the shadows from the firelight are creepin' up the wall,
And the time is fast approachin' when we're billed to hit the hay—
Why, then Ernie starts to tunin' on his old Harmonicay.

Oh, he ain't no Boston opera virtuoso, Ernie ain't;
And his sense of classic technique, I should say, is rather faint;
While the range of his selections isn't wide and isn't high,
And I shan't request his service at my fun'ral when I die;
But for callin' forth the muses to attend the D. O. C.
I'll place my bets on Ernie and his old Harmonikee.

First he starts us kind o' easy with a drag at Old
Black Joe;
Then he yearns for old Virginny where the corn
and taters grow.
When his quav'ring Miserere makes us wish we,
too, were dead,
Why, he shifts to something livelier and makes us
dance instead.
For "Jingle Bells," or "Dixie," or "Turkey in the
Straw"—
It's all the same to Ernie and his old Harmonicaw.

O' course he sometimes mixes in a modern tune
or so,
That he picked up in the theatre or a peerade long
ago;
But it's "Old familiar melodies" that D. O. C. men
like,
When they're lollin' by the fireside, dopin' out to-
morrow's hike.
And there's nothing eases up the aches and chases
care from me,
So much as hearin' Ernie on his old Harmonikee.

When my last long hike is over, and I reach the
cabin door,
And wipe life's snow from off my skis, and know
my skiin's o'er;

When I eat my last camp vittles by the last fire's
flickerin' light,
And make my bed contented in the darkness of the
night—
I've but one lone prayer to offer when I hit the
final hay—
To be lulled to sleep by Ernie on his old Harmonicay.

ANONYMOUS

WINTERTIME

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
    To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
    To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE HOODOO

Owned a pair o' skates onc't.—Traded
Fer 'em,—stropped 'em on an' waded
Up and down the crick, a-waitin'
Tel she'd freeze up fit fer skatin'.
Mildest winter I remember—
  More like Spring—than Winter-weather!—
Didn't frost tel 'bout December—
  Git up airly, ketch a feather
Of it, maybe, 'crost the winder—
Sunshine swings it like a cinder!

Well—I waited—and kep' waitin'!
  Couldn't see my money's wo'th in
Them-air skates, and was no skatin'
Ner no hint o' ice ner nothin'!
So, one day—along in airly
Spring—I swopped 'em off—and barely
Closed the dicker, 'fore the weather
  Natchurly jes' slipped the ratchet,
And crick—tail-race—all together,
  Froze so tight, cat couldn't scratch it!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

HANOVER WINTER SONG

Ho, a song by the fire!
(Pass the pipes, fill the bowl!)
Ho, a song by the fire!
—With a skoal! . . .
For the wolf wind is whining in the doorways,
And the snow drifts deep along the road,
And the ice-gnomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.
(Boo-oo-o! pass the bowl!)
For here by the fire
We defy frost and storm.
Ha, ha! we are warm
And we have our hearts' desire;
For here's four good fellows
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip
In the pledge of fellowship.
Skoal!

RICHARD HOVEY

THE SCENE LENDS ITS AID

The scene lends its aid, see! the moon's shining
high,
So bright, the stars scarcely are seen in the sky.
A background of pines sway in melody sweet,
The snow crisp and dry 'neath the moccasined feet;
And close side by side at the head of the "chute"
A maiden and youth, each in gay blanket suit.

The wind's kissed her cheek to a bright rosy hue,
Her eyes glisten clear as the soft summer dew;
And though the hill drops nearly eighty degrees,
Her cheek never pales, she seems quite at her ease;
And soon they are seated: one word! and they fly—
Yes! swoop like the eagle from mountain-top high!

How firmly she's poised, the lines taut in her hand,
While he seated sideways, with foot keeps com-
mand
Of the flying toboggan, his face o'er her shoulder
So close to her cheek; one strong arm doth enfold
her
Just to keep her from swaying, so great is the pace
The Lightning Express would be passed in the race!

O'HARA BAYNES

WITH GOOD STEEL RINGING

When the wan white moon in the skies feels chilly,
And wraps her round with a rifting cloud;
When the poplar stands like a monster lily,
That swings and sways in a silvern shroud;
When you *don't* get up with the lark at dawning,
But snooze and slumber till twelve instead,
And vow by the fire in the evening yawning,
'Tis really too chilly to go to bed;—
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,
A-skating we hie,
Where good ice bends 'neath a frosty sky.

There are tiny waists you may put your arm round
(Don't attempt it on land—that's all!),
And white warm hands you may clasp till charm-bound,
(Just in case they should chance to fall);
There are tresses trailing and bright eyes glowing,
Lips that laugh when you lend a hand,
And dainty ankles they *can't* help a-showing
(Quite by accident—understand!),
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,
A-skating we hie,
The jolliest sport in the world, say I!

As a yacht that bends with the wind's wooing,
And dips white wings in the waves that swirl,
We bound and bend with a glad hallooing,
We curve and circle and wheel and whirl:
As a ship that sweeps with her wet sail swinging
When storms are spent past the harbour bar,
We glide erect then, with good steel ringing
We skim like swallow or shoot like star.
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,
A-skating we hie,
Like curlew winging we wheel or fly.

You may chant of cricket and tell of tennis,
Or yarn of yachts, till you both get warm;
You may talk of travel, and Rome and Venice,
And brag of boating or croquet's charm;
But summer has gone, and, with all your prating,
The grapes are sour, for they hang too high:
So hurrah for winter, hurrah for skating,
The jolliest sport in the world, say I.
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,
A-skating we hie,
With the good steel ringing like wind we fly.

COULSON KERNAHAN

A CURLER'S ELEGY

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the lochs the curlers flock
  Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha' will they station at the *cock?*
  Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king of a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
  In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's *hog-score.*
  Tam Samson's dead!

ROBERT BURNS

THE ICEBOAT

There is a thing so fair, so free,
Blessed by the sky, buoyed by the sea—
It seems a symbol of the best
That life can give; of youth and zest,
Of hope and laughter, and the sigh
We utter wordless rapture by—
It is the yacht.

There is a thing so hemmed and pent
And fought by every element,
Dead wave beneath, dull sky o'erhead,
Despair it typifies? Instead,
Shod well with steel, its wings spread high,
It symbolizes victory—
It is the iceboat.

ALICE WARD BAILEY

THE CHANNEL-STANE

Inscribed wi' britherly love to a' keen curlers.

Up! curlers, up! oor freen' John Frost
  Has closed his grip on loch an' lea:
Up! time's ower precious to be lost—
  An' rally roun' the rink an' tee;
Wi' steady han', an' nerve, an' e'e—
  Noo cannie, noo wi' micht an' main,
To test by "wick," an' "guard," an' "draw,"
  Oor prowess wi' the Channel-Stane.
    O the roarin' Channel-Stane!
    The cannie, creepin' Channel-Stane!
    What music to the curler's ear
      Like music o' the Channel-Stane!

It's bliss to curler's eye an' ear
  When "crack an egg," or "chap an' lie"
Is greeted wi' responsive cheer,
  And waving besoms raised on high;
Or—when nocht else is left to try—
  Wi' rapid glance, an' easy swing,
The "ootring" o' a stane is chipp'd,
  And twirl'd within the inner ring.
    O the roarin' Channel-Stane!
    The toddlin', twinklin' Channel-Stane!
    What music to the curler's ear
      Like music o' the Channel-Stane!

The time is call'd—the match a tie;
The game contestit close an' keen
Seems seal'd, for guards like bulwarks lie—
Nae vestige o' the winner seen:
Anon the skip, wi' dauntless mien,
Puts doon his broom—"Creep till't," cries he;—
The stone's sent hirplin' through the "port,"
And soopit deftly to the tee.
O the roarin' Channel-Stane!
The hirplin', wimplin' Channel-Stane!
What music to the curler's ear
Like music o' the Channel-Stane!

It boots not whence the curler hails,
If curler keen an' staunch he be—
Frae Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales,
Or colonies ayont the sea;—
A social brotherhood are we,
And, after we are deid and gane,
We'll live in literature an' lair—
In annals o' the Channel-Stane!
O the roarin' Channel-Stane!
The witchin', winsome Channel-Stane!
What music to the curler's ear
Like music o' the Channel-Stane!

JOHN USHER

ICE-FISHING IN WINTER

Ho! Sing of your trout in the Spring betimes
When birds are mating and leaves are green!
Ho! Sing of your bass in glowing rhymes
When Autumn shines in her golden sheen!
But give me a Winter morn and ice.
On the frozen cove a foot or more,
And pike and perch that our lures entice
To the holes we cut near the shelving shore;
And klink! klink! klink! the chisel rings,
And ice-chips twinkle and flash and fly,
And loud and glad the fisher sings
In the bright sunshine of an azure sky.

The glinting snow bejewels the brush;
Still is the landscape, calmly grand;
We miss the song of the hermit thrush
From the thicket near in this silent land,
But the prowling pike is fierce and bold,
And our tip-ups dance in merry glee.
Though zero 'tis we heed not the cold,
But hew at the ice right merrily.
And klink! klink! klink! the chisel rings,
And ice-chips twinkle and flash and fly,
And loud and glad the fisher sings
In the bright sunshine of an azure sky.

Away from the desk! Away from the mart!
To the frozen cove from the fetid room
Where the bracing nerves and the bounding heart
Shall paint the cheeks a ruddier bloom.
Come wield the chisel each hole to pierce,
Then set the line with cunning fine.
Lo! here your guerdon—a pickerel fierce,
Or giant perch on the speeding line!
O! klink! klink! klink! the chisel rings,
And ice-chips twinkle and flash and fly,
And loud and glad the fisher sings
In the bright sunshine of an azure sky.

JOHN HARRINGTON KEENE

HOCKEY

When you hack a fellow's shin,
Say "Sorry,"
Or his ankle or his chin,
Say "Sorry":
If their right wing is too fast,
And you see him flying past,
Should you trip him, and he's grassed,
Say "Sorry."

When the ball is thrown from "touch,"
Mark your man;
"Mark the ball," you say? Not much,
Mark your man;
Whirl your cudgel in the air,
Anyhow and anywhere,
On any spot that's bare
Mark your man.

When their forwards get away,
Shout "Sticks!"
But if your side "scores," then they
Shout "Sticks!"
Sometimes, of course, you call
"Offside," sometimes "Hand ball,"
But better far than all
Shout "Sticks!"

Knock "corners" off the foe,
That's hockey!
And pay back what you owe,
That's hockey!
Round the goals the wounded sit,
And the language they emit
Is—well, suitable and fit
For Hockey!

ANONYMOUS

THE GUDE GAUN GAME O' CURLIN'

Cheer up, my lads, for auld John Frost
His snaw-white flag's unfurlin';
And, by my troth, this year we'll hae
A gude gaun game o' curlin'.
For well ye ken it's John himsel'
That's at your door pins tirlin',
Sae tak' your brooms, for sune we'll hae
A gude gaun game o' curlin'.

When wintry winds sae cauld and snell,
Blaw doun the lang glen swirlin',
Then curlers keen begin to think
Upon the game o' curlin'.
For weel they ken they meet wi' frien's,
And no wi' auld wives snirlin';
Sae tak' your brooms, for sune we'll hae
A gude gaun game o' curlin'.

Aye, though the winds blaw cauld and snell,
A' ither folk are nirlin',
Our speerits rise as ithers fa'
Whene'er we think o' curlin'.
For naething else can warm our hearts,
Or set our blood a' dirlin';
Sae tak' your brooms, for sune we'll hae
A gude gaun game o' curlin'.

Sae cheer, my lads, for auld John Frost
His snaw-white flag's unfurlin',
And on the roaring rink we'll sune
Our channel-stanes be hurlin'.
But while around this board we sit
Our caps and coggies birlin',
We'll drink "Success, and sune to hae
A gude gaun game o' curlin'!"

JAMES A. SIDEY

THE HUNTERS

The White Owl sits on a low snow-drift,
Away from the Hunter's hounds,
And longs and waits for the latch to lift
When the Trapper shall go his rounds.

O'er the rolling prairie see him run,
As he reads on the snow-page fair:
Here is the neat, straight trail of the Fox;
Here are the bounds of the Hare;
Here's where the Fox found the Hare track fresh,
And see! was pursuing him there!
Just think of the meeting those trailers will have
When one track replaces the pair!

Now here are the chains of the Grouse's trail;
They turn and they wind about;
And the Hunter crawls till the flock is sprung
And whirrs from a snow-drift out,
Save two, which fall at the roar of the gun
And redden the dazzling snow.
(*Still keeps the Owl his distance safe,*
But follows, now fast, now slow.)

And here was the place of a poisoned bait,
  Where naught but its print now lies,
For a wolf has traced it up the wind
  And swallowed the tempting prize.
Here 't was griping his vitals and choking his
    breath—
  That wolfskin is taken at last!
See! but a few steps, then he staggered and fell,
  And writhed as his life went fast.

There he arose and he struggled anew,
  And staggered again!—but no!
The strength that is born of his wild, free life
  Has conquered this deadly foe;
And the steps of the wolf grow steady and strong
  Till he's spurning the prairie again.
(*Still the White Owl, following far behind,*
  Winnows low o'er the distant plain.)

Now this is the place of another bait,
  With Fox tracks here and there:
Both bait and Fox are gone, and the tracks
  The power of the poison declare.
Still he follows and scans as he onward runs;
  But see! by the bushes ahead
There's a yellow fur—'tis the Fox himself:
  In the snow he lies stark and dead!

(From a neighboring tree, the Owl's great eyes
Take in the scene below;
And he bides till the carrion furless lies,
And waits till the Hunter takes up his prize
And takes up his gun to go.
This is the chance that the Owl foresaw
When he followed afar on the snow.)

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOWSHOE

Time the Red-man had dominion
  And the world and love were young,
Lonely sat a Chieftain's daughter
  Strangely crooning love's new tongue.
Soft her cheeks as downy nestling,
  Black her hair as raven's plumes,
In her eyes the deeps of pine-woods,
  Ripe her lips as wild-plum's bloom.

"Oh, my love! Why doth he tarry?
  Doth the Snow-Sprite stay his feet,
Strewing deep his path with pitfalls,
  Traps to snare my runner fleet?
Hath the Frost-King chilled his singing
  That his love-call is not heard
Ringing through the forest's stillness
  With the joy of mating bird?"

"Lend your aid, O forest children,
  Ye who 'mid its mazes dwell;
Teach your song ye tossing branches,
  Fleet of foot your secret tell!

Through the snow-foam's drifting whiteness
  Winged shall fly my love to me,
And the rhythm of his footfall,
  Passing, voice Love's melody!"

Came the caribou and cougar—
  Who so fleet and strong of limb?
Swift, the eagle and the wild-goose,
  Answering, swept the tree-tops' rim,
"We can shame thy laggard lover,
  Teach his faltering feet to fly,
Lead him safe past Snow-Sprite pitfalls,
  Far from Wood Nymph's siren cry!"

Sprang the stately, fleet wapiti,
  Leaping as with wingèd stride;
None so fleet and none so kingly,
  Antler-crowned, the forest's pride.
"Take my life, O royal maiden—
  Yield I this for love's dear sake—
Of my heart a charm thou'lt fashion,
  Fleet as I who wears shall make!"

"Take thee withes of singing branches
  That the murmuring winds have kissed;
Rive the threads from out my mantle,
  Skilfully, enweaving, twist,
Frame thee wings to deck thy loved one;

On his feet with braided thong
Of thy dark and shining tresses,
Bind with love-knot, firm and strong!"

"Naught shall then his coming tarry—
Snow-cloud's blight or frost-death's chill—
And the music of his passing
Shall with joy the wood's gloom fill!"
Laid he down his robe of velvet,
Kingly tribute, at her side,
All its richness dark empurpled
With his life-blood's ebbing tide.

Took she, then, the singing branches,
And the monarch's riven vest;
Deftly weaved the magic net-work;
Shaped it fair, with dove-plumes drest.
Thongs she wove of two soft tresses,
Bound them with the mystic tie.
That no mortal man unloosen—
Strong as Love or Destiny.

To his lodge, by fleetest runner,
Sent her gift; nor tarried she.
Swifter than the North-wind's rushing
Came he, speeding mightily.
Yet, no man might see the passing
Of the wingèd hunter's feet,

But the music of his snow-wings
On her listening ear floats sweet.

* * * *

Oft, the silent, lonely trapper,
As he tramps the whitened waste
On his swiftly-gliding snowshoes,
Distant camp to reach in haste,
Hears the spirit-hunter's passing
'Mid the forest's slumber deep,
And the music of his snow-wings,
As he hies his tryst to keep.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS

SKATING

We speed o'er the star-lighted mirror along,
And the wood and the mountain re-echo our song.
As on, like the wing of the eagle, we sweep,
Now gliding, now wheeling, we ring o'er the deep.
The winds whistle keenly,—the red cheek is warm,
And there's none who would yield not his breast to
the storm.

The stars are above us, so full and so bright,
And the mirror below us is gemmed with their
light.
Like the far-wheeling hawk, in the mid-air we fly;
A sky is above us,—below us a sky.
As onward we glide in our race, we keep time;
And clear as the morning bell echoes our chime.

By pine-covered rock, and by willow-bound shore,
Breast even with breast, like a torrent we pour.
Short, quick are our strokes, as we haste to the
mark,
And shrill is our cry, as the trill of the lark.
The goal is now reached, and we bend us away,
Wide wheeling, or curving in fanciful play.

How fondly I loved, when my life-blood was young,—
When buoyant my heart, and my limbs newly strung—
When the friends of my childhood were round me and near,—
O'er the dark lake to sweep in our sounding career;
And high beat my soul, with enthusiast glow,
As a clear-ringing music was pealing below.

We heeded no danger,—we carelessly flew
O'er a deep, that in darkness was lost to our view;
And onward we rushed, in the heat of our strife,
As, o'er danger and ruin, we hurry through life.
So we sped in our flight, as on pinions along,
And the wood and the mountain re-echoed our song.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

THE WINTER HUNTERS

Mounted on snow-shoes, with their food
And blankets on light sledges pack'd,
The hunters of the wild stag cross
The snow's immeasurable tract.
For leagues they travel—pleasant task
Is theirs to form the camp at night;
To stack the arms; to fell a pine
For shelter, soaring to vast height;
To heap the fresh untrodden snow
To windward like a rampart wall;
To feed the camp-fire till it flames
Like furnace o'er the hemlocks tall;
To spread the couch with fragrant tips
Of spicy cedar, sweet for rest.
Then, when some Indian guide hath ta'en,
Thro' frozen lake, of trout a score,
Some hunter hath brought in a brace
Of the ruff'd grouse, to swell the store.
The bubbling pan and roasting spit
Invite them to the welcome board,
Where high the savory meat is pil'd,
And fast the generous cup is pour'd;
Then pipe is smok'd and tale is told,
And each one, wrapp'd in blanket's fold,
Sleeps sound beneath the winter sky,
Till dappled morning greets the eye.

ISAAC MCLELLAN

THE SKAITER'S MARCH

Composed for the Skaiter's Club at Edinburgh

This snell and frosty morning,
With rhind the trees adorning.
Tho' Phœbus be below?
Through the sparkling snow,
A skating we go,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

From the right to the left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying,
Spheres with spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we sweep,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep,
The face of the deep,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
To view his sons of thunder,
Tho' the water he seal,
We rove on our heel,
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

See the Club advances,
See how they join the dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills resounding,
Let Tritons now blow,
For Neptune below,
His beard dares not shew,
Or call us his foe,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

CHARLES DIBDIN

THE WINTER CAMP FIRE

Above the mountain, bleak and bare,
  Below the noisy stream,
The few soft snowflakes in the air
  Are diamonds in the ruddy gleam
    That flashes from my fire.
And from the blaze, bright, silvery lines
  Flit in and out among the pines.
Sorrow and pain are put to flight,
  And all the cares and fears of night
    Are laid upon the pyre.

But at the charmèd circle's bound
  Grim Winter stands, with icy hands;
And from the barren, frozen ground,
  Their lair, leap darkness and despair.
Threatening now, and now deciding,
  Never stops their ghostly gliding;
Never ends their awful moaning,
  Triple curses oft intoning.
While, anon, their goblin shrieks
  Are re-echoed by the peaks.
Thus, with eyes foreboding danger,
  Keep their watch upon the stranger.

Up to heaven leaps the flame
And the spectres, put to shame,
Backward fly. From the sky
Softly steal, with many a blessing,
Shades of dreamland. They, caressing,
Bring lotus and Falernian wine,
Olympian nectar, all divine.
And, while I sleep, they vigils keep,
Till, from the valley, rosy day
Has chased the sprites of night away.

SHOSHONE

SKATER AND WOLVES

Swifter the flight! Far, far and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
  And all the earth is ghostly pale,
  While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
  Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
    Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
  He hears, and ah, his spirits quail—
  He laughs and sobs within the gale,
On, anywhere! He must not die,—
    Swifter the flight!

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THE JOLLY CURLERS

Tune: *"O' for him back again!"*

Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
  Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest far aboon them a'
  Was ay the witching *channel-stane.*

Oh for the channel-stane,
The fell-gude game, the channel-stane!
There's ne'er a game that e'er I saw
Can match auld Scotland's channel-stane!

I've been at bridals unco glad,
  Wi' courtin' lasses wondrous fain:
But what is a' the fun I've had,
  Compare it wi' the channel-stane?

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
  Never to come back again,
I'd *sweep* the moon and starlets by,
  And play them at the channel-stane.

We'd boom across the *Milky Way;*
  One *tee* should be the Northern *Wain;*
Another, bright Orion's ray;
  A comet for a channel-stane.

JAMES HOGG

SLEIGHING

Brightly beams the moon to-night,
Flooding with its silvery light
  All the snow, here below;
Nature round us seems to glisten,
While we skim along and listen,
  As we go,
To the music of the bells,
As it loud and louder swells—
  Drawing near, now we hear
Voices sing in time and mingle,
As they ring and chime and jingle,
  Sweet and clear.

O'er the crisply frozen snow,
Now we fast and faster go,
  In our sleigh, blithe and gay,
And the time is swiftly fleeting,
While with joy our hearts are beating,
  All the way.
Through the clear and bracing air,
Piercing keenly everywhere,
  Thus we ride, side by side,
And the bells with mirth commingle,
As they ring and chime and jingle,
  Far and wide.

ORRIN CHALFONT PAINTER

THE LOST TRAIL

While the drizzle falls on the slimy pavement, swelling
The yellow gutter's flow,
And the ways are dense with the hosts of buying, selling,
And hurrying to and fro,
I know that out in the North the winds are crying
Round the willowed shores of the long white lakes outlying,
And the black pine woods where my old lost friends are dwelling,
And the splendor of the snow.

I know that mysterious land of wood and river,
Where the half-breed hunters range;
The snow wraiths dancing upon the hill slopes ever,
The gray sun, low and strange;
The bull moose skulking through windrow and through hollow,
The creak and crunch of raquettes where the trackers follow;
The dark spruce shades where the forest dreams forever,
But never dreams of change.

A snowshoe track leads up from the swamp and over,
Where the otter trappers passed,
To the drifted winter hut in the hemlock cover
That shields it from the blast.
Are you there, Pierre, Gaultier, as when we together,
Free in the face of the grim Canadian weather,
Learned the changeless spell of the North to hold and love her,
And turn to her at the last?

The snowstorm blindly drives through the woods to smother
The ancient trail I knew;
The track we blazed is lost, and never other
Has marked that blind way through;
But the same great roar through the leagues of branches sweeping
Wakes the desire of a homesick heart that has long been sleeping.
O dark North woods, wild love and ruthless mother,
I call, I cry to you!

FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

SNOW SHOE TRAMP

Up! up! the morn is breaking,
  Thro' the forest breaks the sun,
Rouse, ye sleepers, time for dreaming,
  When our daily journey's done,
Bind the snow shoe fast with thong, too,
  See that all is tight and sure,
All's a bliss to, naught's a-miss to
  A brave young Northwest voyageur.

Tramp, tramp, on snow shoes tramping,
  All the day we marching go,
Till at night by fires encamping,
  We find couches on the snow.

On! on! Let men find pleasure
  In the city dull and drear,
Life is freedom, life's a treasure,
  As we all enjoy it here.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha,
  See the novice down once more,
Hear him shout, then, pull him out, then,
  Many a fall he's had before.

Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But full well our comrades know
We can beat the fastest engine
In a night tramp o'er the snow.
It may puff, sir, it may blow, sir,
It may whistle, it may scream,
But lightly tripping, gently dipping,
snow shoes leave behind the steam.

ANONYMOUS

TO MY HOCKEY STICK

Time's up! The season starting next October
Will pass without your help, or even mine;
I shall have joined the sensible and sober
Who play—in spirit—on the boundary line,
And you, I fear (my man's so autocratic),
Will rest upon your laurels—in the attic.

No more shall you essay the skilful bully,
No longer glory in the dexterous pass;
This is—oh, do you realise it fully?—
Good-bye for ever to short, springy grass;
For you no more that dearest joy the soul boasts—
The sharp, clean shot that soars between the goal-
posts.

You represent that you are not yet broken?
Well, nor am I. Unworthy thought, avaunt!
Shall you and I endure to hear it spoken
That we the scene of former triumphs haunt?
Shall we adopt the clinging ways of smilax?
Play half—then back—then *goal!* oh, anticlimax!

Better be gone ere yet rheumatic suasion
And knocks dispose of me and of yourself;
More dignified to choose one's own occasion—
To climb to, not be laid upon the shelf.
And yet . . . one mounts in fear, by hope unbol-
stered . . .
From all one hears, *the thing's not even upholstered!*

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

THE SKATER BELLE

Along the ice I see her fly
With moonlit tresses blown awry,
  And floating from her twinkling feet
  Are wafted sounds as silvery sweet
As April winds when May is nigh.

Is it a Naiad coy and shy?
Or can it be the Lorelei
  Who lures me with her rare deceit?
  It is the hour for magic meet;
Resist the spell, 'twere vain to try.

Her beauty thrills the earth and sky
From glowing cheek and flashing eye;
  And so she wanders fair and fleet
  The spangled branches bend to greet
And wave a kiss as she goes by.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

SLEIGH-RIDE SONG

The silver moon is beaming
O'er crystal hills of snow;
The starry eyes of heaven are dreaming—
Quiet all below.
No tempests blowing—raining—snowing—
The air is calm and still;
Oh what a time to start the chime,
Of a sleigh-ride o'er the hill!

See how the horses, prancing,
Are bearing us away,
O'er creaking snow, with light hearts dancing,
Bounding with the sleigh!
With valleys flying—forests sighing—
Make the glorious country ring;
And as before, we'll join once more,
And loud this chorus sing:

The silver moon is beaming
O'er crystal hills of snow;
The starry eyes of heaven are dreaming—
Quiet all below,
No tempests blowing—raining—snowing—
The air is calm and still;
Oh what a time to start the chime,
Of a sleigh-ride o'er the hill!

J. D. VINTON

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW

Speed on, speed on, good Master!
  The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
  Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
  I will tell you as we go,
The blight of the Shadow Hunter
  Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
  Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
  Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
  Upon the ridges drear
That lay for miles between me
  And the camp for which we steer.

'Twas silent on the hill-side
  And by the sombre wood,
No sound of life or motion
  To break the solitude.

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And I said, "Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snowshoe,
As it sprang beneath my tread.

Nor far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way
When a dusky figure joined me,
In a capuchon of gray,

Bending upon the snowshoes
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger
As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no foot-marks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the Shadow Hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow Hunter,
And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria, speed us!
The sun is falling low,—
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY

SONG FOR WINTER

Now winter fills the world with snow,
Wild winds across the country blow,
And all the trees, with branches bare,
Like beggars shiver in the air.
Oh, now hurrah for sleds and skates!
A polar expedition waits
When school is done each day for me—
Off for the ice-bound arctic sea.

The ice is strong upon the creek,
The wind has roses for the cheek,
The snow is knee-deep all around,
And earth with clear blue sky is crowned.
Then come, and we may find the hut
Wherein the Esquimau is shut,
Or see the polar bear whose fur
Makes fun of the thermometer.

Let us who want our muscles tough
Forsake the tippet and the muff.
The keen fresh wind will do no harm,
The leaping blood shall keep us warm,
A spin upon our arctic main
Shall drive the clouds from out the brain,
And for our studies we at night
Shall have a better appetite.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

TWELFTH NIGHT SONG

Heaped be the fagots high,
  And the half-burned bough
From last year's revelry
  Be litten now!
Brimmed be the posset bowl
For every lusty soul;
  And while the maskers rule,
  Cry "Noel!" cry "Noel!" down all
    the halls of Yule!

O eager viols, thrill!
  Pipe, hautboys, clear and sweet!
Work your impetuous will,
  Ye restless feet!
For every lip—a glass!
For every lad—a lass!
  And, ere the ardors cool,
  Cry "Noel!" cry "Noel!" down all
    the halls of Yule!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

COASTING DOWN THE HILL

There's a glory in the speeding of a horse the nerves can feel,
Or the swift and silent magic of a pedal-hastened wheel:
Or the rushing and the foaming that the flying yachts possess,
Or in the clinging to the pilot of a limited express;
But there's naught to stir the senses, and there's nothing ever will,
Like the starry winter evenings when we coasted down the hill—
Down the long and slippery hill—
Down the steep and glaring hill—
With the clinging, and the shrieking, and the laughing hoarse and shrill!

Far above the pallid valley, hung the moon, so safe and high—
Like a ball of ice it glittered in a frozen sea of sky;
And the trees were dressed in silver, and the bushes stood aglow,
And a million jewels nestled on the bosom of the snow.
But the eyes that we were watching, they were beaming brighter still,
As we packed our load together to go coasting down the hill—

Down the snowy, icy hill—
Down the long and dizzy hill—
With the shouting, and the calling, and the danger of a "spill"!

With a mile of road before us like a polished blade agleam,
On the ready track we started, in a short delicious dream;
Through the fences, past the bridges, over "thank-ye-ma'ams" to spare,
Leaping from them like a panther, in the crisp and biting air;
Past the still and lonely school-house, and the frost-enfettered mill,
Thinking naught about the stopping—with a laugh at every ill—
Down the ne'er forgotten hill—
Down the white and glowing hill—
Just a streak of human lightning, we went flashing down the hill!

And amid the rush and chatter, there were pressures of the hand,
That the brain, amid its frenzy, left the heart to understand;
There were confidential clingings, that would never be bestowed,

On a straight, prosaic journey, and a strictly level road.
Often spirit reached for spirit, and would never cease, until
With a pang of joy it clasped it, in that journey down the hill—
Down the swiftly travelled hill—
Down the love-illumined hill—
When a life's divinest secret was discovered by a thrill!

There were maidens in the party, that to-day are sober wives—
Also lads at present living very proper business lives;
There were some that now already pay the ne'er evaded debt;
But their spirits could not perish—they are somewhere living yet!
When we find them, I will warrant that their thoughts will quickly fill
With the good old winter evenings when they coasted down the hill—
Down the cold and frosty hill—
Down the warm and gleaming hill—
Where were born a host of pleasures that a death can never kill!

WILL CARLETON

CURLING SONG

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
"Tak' care," quo' the wifie, "gudeman, o' yer cough;"
"A fig for the sneezin'! Hurrah! for the freezin'!
This day we're to play the bonspiel on the loch;
Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
For the sun on the snaw-drift's beginnin' to blink;
Give me bannocks or brochan, I'm off for the lochan,
To mak' the stanes glee to the tee or the rink."

Then hurrah for the curlin' frae Girvan to Stirlin'!
Hurrah for the lads of the besom and stane!
"Ready, noo!" "Soop it up!" "Clap a guard!"
"Steady, noo!"
Oh! curlin' aboon every game stands alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended;
Like glass ye may glower on't and shave aff yer beard;
And see how they gaither, comin' ower the brown heather;
The servant and maister, the tenant and laird.

There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and
early,
Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be;
Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin' they'll send the stanes
spinnin',
Wi' a whirr and a curr till they sib round the tee.

It's an unco-like story, that baith Whig and Tory
Maun aye collieshangie like dogs ower a bane,
And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
But in fine frosty weather, let a' meet thegither,
Wi' a broom in their haun', and a stane by the tee,
And then, by my certies! ye'll see how a' pairties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree.

NORMAN MACLEOD

SKATING

Come to the moonlit lake,
  Where rays of silver bright
Their slender arrows break
  On the glassy pavement bright!
For hearts are gay, and joy is rife;
And youth and beauty, love and life,
  Are out on the ice to-night.

Not in the crowded hall,
  Where earth-lit tapers gleam,
We'll hold our festival,
  But out on the frozen stream;
No dull, faint air, or heated room,
Shall rob thy cheek of beauty's bloom,
  Thine eye of its sparkling beam.

Bright is the fairy scene;
  The ringing steels resound;
And gleams the glowing sheen
  To feet of beauty bound;
And health, with rosy pencil, seeks
To paint the blush on beauty's cheeks,
  And the echoing laugh rings round.

Ne'er such a pavement spread
  Glittered in marble halls;
Ne'er gleamed such lamps o'erhead
  To gladden their carnivals;
The circling hills, whose tree-clad brows
Upbear the dome on cornice boughs,
  Are our lofty palace walls.

Whence foaming waters roar
  That winter could not bind
(Their brothers called on Huron's shore,
  And they would not stay confined).
As free and gay, and wild as they,
We'll speed e'en to the mystic way
  Of the isle with cedars lined.

Earth and its cares forgot,
  Our hearts we'll then reveal;
And spurn each colder thought,
  As the ice the flashing steel.
Who, 'neath the sway of Luna's ray,
Love's sweet commands could disobey,
  Or its brighter beams conceal?

JOHN LOWRY STUART.

A WINTER NIGHT

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;
When Phœbus gies a short-lived glower
  Far south the lift,
Dim-darkening through the flaky shower,
  Or whirling drift:

At night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labor sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
  Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked,
  Down headlong hurl.

Listening the doors and winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
  O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
  Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
  What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
  And close thy e'e?

E'en you, on murdering errands toil'd,
Long from your savage home exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole:—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother
man bestows!"

ROBERT BURNS

THE CLIPPER SLED

Oh, for the winters that used to be!
The winters that only a boy may see!
Rich with the snowflakes' rush and swirl;
Keen as a diamond; pure as a pearl;
Brimming with healthful, rollicking fun;
Sweet with their rest when the play was done;
With kingly revels each day decreed,
And a clipper sled for the royal steed.

A wonderful steed was this, in truth,
Fit for the galloping pulse of youth;
Little and pointed, squat and low—
But, bless my heart, how that sled could go!
Winning its owner loud acclaim,
Gemming his deeds with joy and fame;
Never an arrow swifter sped
Than on to its goal the clipper sled.

The Jenkinson hill stretched smooth and free
(In those glorious winters that used to be),
A speedway polished and steep and white,
Rife with turbulent, rapt delight;
Ringing with laughter, jest, and shout;
Gay with frolicking romp and rout;
Where many a courser bold was led,
But fleetest of all was the clipper sled.

Down from the crest with a shrill hurray
(Clear the track, there! Out of the way!);
Scarcely touching the path beneath;
Scarce admitting of breath to breathe;
Dashing along, with leap and swerve,
Over the crossing, round the curve.
Talk of your flying-machines! Instead,
Give *me* the swoop of the clipper sled.

EDWIN L. SABIN

THE SKATER

Beneath her skates the curved steel bars
Seemed like two naked scimitars
That gleam about the sandals in
The sword dance of the Bedouin.
  And all around her flying feet
The ice mist flew unceasingly,
  As free she was and full as fleet
As sea-gulls skimming o'er the sea.
  It was the sea in different guise.
Like Mercury she wore her wings,
  And deep within her fearless eyes
There lived the soul of flying things.

ORTH HARPER STEIN

TOBOGGAN SONG

Music: *"Fra Diavolo"*

To-night, how crisp the air;
  How scintillates the star-dust!
What sport so rich and rare,
  What sport to rub off mind-rust!

Hurrah! Hurrah!
To-night, how crisp the air!

Hurrah! Hurrah!
To-night how crisp the air!
Og-tobog-to, tó-bogganing,
Og-tobog-to, tó-bogganing,
Og-tobog-to, tó-bogganing,
To-night how crisp the air!
  You'll hear the bogs, the bogs, the
    bogs, the b-b-b-b-b-b-bogs;
Ha! Observatory sliding,—
Shooting down the hill!

To shoot, to dart, to glide,
  Down Astronomic hill-side;
To feel the rhythmic ride,
  Doth lift a merry flood-tide.

It fills us with a song,
  Doth this toboggan sliding;
Come, bear the song along,
  The frosty stars are guiding.

Then be a passenjair
  On this toboggan night train;
Be blithe, be debonair,
  Be subject now to joy's reign!

Brave lads and lassies fair,
  There's poetry in living;
Come, banish cloudy care,
  In sliding's no misgiving.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

A SKATER'S VALENTINE

What if the air has a nipping tooth!
Our hearts beat high with the blood of youth,
And a crystal sheet, unmarred, awaits
The silver ring of our flashing skates.
The peaks are white; the sky is blue;
All that the landscape lacks is—You!

The ice is clear; the winds are still;
So if you'll come, as I pray you will,
The frosted pines of the mountainside
Shall watch us swing and dart and glide
Over the lake with the moon above,
Your small hand warm in my big brown
glove!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE SKI-RUNNER

Above you burns a molten-copper sun,
Before you hangs the imminent abyss,
Flaring in white,—a desperate game to run,
This frozen speedway to the deeps of Dis!
Now bend your heart and foot and spirit straight,
That none may shrink,
Then down, down, down the eagle takes his flight!
Sailing an instant on the wings of Fate,
An æon poising on the utter brink,—
Then out! into a wilderness of light!

ANONYMOUS

SKATING SONG

As swift and light as a bird in flight
  She skims o'er the glistening lake,
And her skates keep time in a merry chime
  To the music her red lips make;
Stray snowflakes fly from the frosty sky,
  Caressing her cheeks and hair;
While sweet and strong in a skating song
  Her voice rings on the air:

Glow, moon, glow,
  And twinkle, stars, on high;
Blow, winds, blow,
  As over the ice we fly,
Blow high—blow low—
  No lass is cold
  With a lover bold,
    Heigho! Heigho!

With a swinging stride I gain her side,
  And gather her hand in mine;
And I shout aloud to the jocund crowd
  A challenge they can't decline.
Hurrah for the race! We set the pace.
  With never a slip or fall,
And a click and a clash as our runners flash
  Far in advance of all!

Hurrah! Well done! The race is won!
No further the need for haste;
Then her roguish glance betrays the chance,
And my arm slips round her waist.
Oh, such the delight of a winter's night,
When the course is rlear and long;
And the skates keep time in a merry chime
To the rollicking skating song:

Glow, moon, glow,
And twinkle, stars, on high;
Blow, winds, blow,
As over the ice we fly!
Blow high—blow low—
No lass is cold
With a lover bold,
Heigho! Heigho!

ARTHUR GRISCOM

SKATERS' SONG AT NIGHT

When glass-like glints the cracking ice
And shines a skater's paradise;
When eager air breathes keen delight,
And diamonds dart from starlit night;
Leave, leave your care;
What sport so rare!

"Our blades, they flash, our bodies swing,
Like Time and birds we're on the wing;
The frosty stars their music sing;
And we—we'll make the welkin ring!"

For life's a day—a span—a song,
And fierce the fight 'twixt weak and strong;
Youth's hour-glass swift its course doth run,
From happy dawn till set of sun.
To joy give way,
While yet you may.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

THE SKATER'S SONG

Away! away! our fires stream bright
  Along the frozen river;
And their arrowy sparkles of frosty light
  On the forest branches quiver.
Away! away! for the stars are forth,
  And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance, the moonbeams dance—
  Come, let us our comrades rally!

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
  Away, away we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
  As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out,
  The skater heeds them not—
'Midst the laugh and shout of the jocund rout,
  Gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng,
  In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
  They wage their riotous game;
And though the night air cutteth keen,
  And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their homes, I ween, on the hills have been—
  They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter hearth;
Or 'neath the lamps of the festal hall,
Seek for their share of mirth;
But as for me, away! away!
Where the merry skaters be—
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows,
There is the place for me.

EPHRAIM PEABODY

O'ER CRACKLING ICE

Lines Written Under a French Print Representing Persons Skating

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE SNOWSHOER'S SONG

Tighten the toque, and girdle the sash,
Lads and lasses, the snowshoes lash;
Ring the chorus, and start the line,
The air is crisp and the night is fine.
Crystal snow, dazzling glow
Of diamond moon, the clicking shoon,
The echoing night—Yo, ho!

Sparkling spire and silver fane—
Half the journey—and home again,
Stride we, never a tired limb,
But breasts afire and brain a-swim.
Crystal snow, dazzling glow
Of diamond moon, the clicking shoon,
The echoing night—Yo, ho!

Home at last! The moonbeams white
We soon shall leave, for the golden light
Of crackling hearth, but with a sigh,
For our souls are full of the night and sky.
Crystal snow, dazzling glow
Of diamond moon, the clicking shoon,
The echoing night—Yo, ho!

JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE

SKATING SONG

Whisper a song as we glide along, ye pines on the
Southern shore,
From your branches long, where the cradle song of
the South Wind plays no more;
Whisper of memories that you hold in the heart of
your great green boughs,
Of a Summer's wine that was yours and mine, when
the days were long and the nights weren't cold;
Of the whispers heard, and the warm love told, and
the old, old vows.

Ring with the tune, Oh thou broad lagune, of my
steel-clad shining feet,
As I skate away to the end of day where the Twi-
light and Moonlight meet.
Ring with the plashes of oars that piled on your
bosom in nights gone by,
To a tale oft told that will ne'er grow old, tho' the
nights grow long and the days wax cold,
And the ice has formed in an iron mould, o'er your
old, old tide.

Echo a line, Oh thou stream of mine, of the song
of thy great unrest
To this heart of mine from that heart of thine, while
I speed to the red-rimmed West.
Echo of faces that used to grow on your face, ere
the ice and rime
Had come to frown all your ripples down: when
your face had the blush of a sunset's glow,
And the winds that blew weren't the winds that
blow in the Winter time.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

SHIPS OF THE NORTH

Light graceful clouds across the sky
  Are scudding swift to-night;
But fleeter than yon gauze on high
Can flaunt before the moon's full eye,
  Our craft career their flight.

Bold privateers, they hurry o'er
  A foamy stretch of sea,
With cargoes loaded precious more
Than fabled stone on ocean floor,
  Or wealth of Araby.

Out in the stilly atmosphere
  From their gay decks are flung
The healthy laugh, the ringing cheer,
The mirthful notes, full, sweet, and clear,
  That fall from Beauty's tongue.

Adown the long inclines they glide,
  And over fields below,
Trim vessels with the wind allied,
The playthings of our northern pride—
  Toboggans o'er the snow.

WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON

THE SNOW-SHOE TRAIL

Out on the open wind-swept spaces
Of frozen lake, a whirling snow
The waving snow-shoe trail effaces,
But near the still and sheltered places,
Where balsam, spruce, and larch trees grow,
The swinging stride all Northmen know
A vine in leaf distinctly traces,
As it had been embroidered so
On a white garment's edge to flow.

The moons of five white months have been
The ladies of this chamber's graces:
November covered up the green,
December hung the delicate laces,
March found the chamber sweet and clean,
The firs all folded in white cases,
With every limb and twig between
And all the forest's hidden mazes
A-glitter with the hoar-frost sheen:
The moon of March throughout its phases
Hung opal, pearl, and purple hazes,
Softer than tints of Orient vases,
Then deftly set another scene
And rolled away the hiding screen.

All night the maples cracked with cold;
The sleeper from his blanket's fold
Heard house-boards strain and snap their hold;
At dawn from every chimney flume
Rose upright a long, feathery plume,
The winter hearth-fire's morning bloom.
The sun but clears the mountain edge,
A little veers along the ledge,
Views a brief while our heritage,
Then swiftly sinks upon his track,
Loosening the twilight like a pack
Slipped from a weary pilgrim's back:
But 'ere too soon his ray declines,
A satin ribbon he unwinds
Along the road among the pines.
Now do his sun dogs sink from sight,
Now sudden clouds retouch with white
Expanses fit for Eremite,
The Eskimo or Muscovite,
And now the lightened galleons throw
A thin, blue shadow on the snow.
From orchards of Hesperides,
Out of the farthest fringe of trees,
Swift from her golden draperies,
The moon glides through her star-filled seas.
High on her arc, where thickly clung
The paling stars she rides among,
The polar banners far upflung

Crackle like chords too tensely strung
And fade into another day,
True to the sun dog's promise gray
And late in coming up this way.

Four feet of ice bind fast the lake,
Five feet of snow enfold the land:
Along the trail, on either hand,
Thrust down the staff and soundings take
Of this white deep upon whose bed
Submerged, rests many a hidden boulder;
There fallen trees are thickly spread,
There silenced brooks, in secret fed,
Keep rights of way with no beholder
'Til spring unbind this watershed.
Shift the pack basket on the shoulder
And tighter draw the snow-shoe lashing!
Then through the portal lightly tread
Into the templed tamarack slashing!
Here sun and moon and stars, in turn,
Look down along the roofless wall,
Whiter than any marble urn
In which unfettered fountains fall,
Where now the tropic sun rays burn,
Gilding the ripening orange ball,
And last year's fledgling robins learn
The long flight through spring's festival.
There through the open window floats

The tumult pouring from the throats
Of mocking birds in live oak cotes,
And over the salt marshes creep
Slow tides along the sea wall steep,
The breathing of the gulf in sleep.
But here no courier of the spring,
Save the witch hobble blossoming
In casements where the icicles cling,
Gives challenge to the winter king.
Earth tilts and turns and leaves unshaken
The enduring dynasty of the frost;
While man-made realms are won or lost,
His mountain stronghold stands untaken.
Before his breath, spring's gentle host
Of blossoms, longing to awaken,
Perish before his scarp is crossed;
And the poor flags of summer's troop,
Thrust feebly forward, faint and droop.

From boulder down to boulder leaping,
The brook eludes gray winter's grasp,
But soon returns into his keeping,
And yielding, stiffens in his clasp.
Close by the spring no cold has sealed,
From the earth-mother warm up-gushing,
Where clustered pines afford a shield
Against the sudden snow squall's rushing,
With snow-shoe shovel, clear a space

From the dry snow for camp fire place!
On the bare ground the light wood heaping,
Upon it fagots interlace,
And when the blaze through all is creeping,
And hot flames, dancing, scorch the face,
From the toboggan fetch the kettle,
The broiler, meat, and coffee pot!
Make of the log and furs a settle,
Whither the fire smoke wanders not!
Salt the good broth and sip it hot,
And keep the cook upon his mettle!
Let not the fragrant pot boil over!
One whiff and then replace the cover!
A brief while round the camp fire hover!
A brief rest on the soft snow cot
And weariness is clean forgot.

The compass points the way ahead
When all the trails lie behind us;
The hours of light will soon be sped;
Will good friends sally forth to find us,
Should darkness in the forest bind us?
Already deepening shades remind us
Of the night's peril left unsaid,
But real though it be unspoken.
So speed the pace! A snow-shoe broken,
Night's bitter cold! And men have trod
In circles, died and left no token

'Til spring revealed a lifeless clod.
Whistle the dogs back! With eyes blinking,
Back at the summons they come slinking,
Silent the bark of late so loud,
And crawl to heel and cringe and whine.
In lip and tongue the sharp quills sinking,
Caught from the armored porcupine.
Thenceforth at every stride we take,
Like rudders in the vessel's wake,
They swing along the trail we make,
'Til over eager in the pace,
They mar the snow-shoe's pleasing grace
And trip their master on his face.

Here tracks in sweeping curves meander
And cease where pheasant spread his wing
Into the trackless air to wander,
On earth again alighting yonder
Within the hobble bushes' ring;
And here across the forest aisle,
Where low the spruce and balsam swing,
The fox went by an hour ago,
And here he turned to hark awhile,
And from the branches whisked the snow,
Missing the hare, which loping low
Found shelter in the brushwood pile.
On the steep way our steps are wending,
Dark grows the forest's green and white.

Now all the woodland gloom is blending
With deeper shades influng by night.
High overhead the roar and rending
Of wind-tossed branches speed our flight,
Down to the mountain's base descending,
Until we near the long trail's ending,
And from the valley, still and white,
Flashes a welcome village light.

Clear to the door with shriek and bellow
The storm's outrider dashes up.
Ho! ho! Bold rider, jolly fellow,
Wilt drink with us a stirrup cup
To make thy boisterous laugh more mellow?
He hurries on; he cannot stay.
Then pile the logs upon the fire
And raise the window curtain higher
To light the roysterer on his way!
Hear all the crazy tree tops shaking,
Before his breath bent near to breaking!
And now a mighty leap he's making
Across the valley, takes a tumble
And rends his robe of fleece in wrath,
Flings wide its fragments o'er his path
And laughs aloud to see men stumble
Through drifts piled high by doorways humble,
At midnight makes the windows rattle,
Then through the mountain gap with roar

Like that of guns rolled out to battle,
O'er lowland hamlets, towns a score,
O'er greening farms with scurrying cattle,
Rushes on toward the ocean shore,
Lashes the sea to many a billow
And dies upon its stormy pillow.

ISAAC RUSLING PENNYPACKER

TEACHING A GIRL TO SKATE

Oh, there's nothing in all the world so fine
As teaching a girl to skate:
There's the going up to her house to dine,
And the taking her home quite late;

There's the clamping of skates on her dainty shoes,
And it takes so long a while
That she calls you several times a "goose"—
And you do not make denial.

There's the frightened grasp of her hand, in haste,
And her dear little shrieks and calls;
There's the putting your arm round her slender waist,
And the picking her up when she falls.

THOMAS WINTHROP HALL

THE SNOWSHOER

Under the moon and the stars,
  And over the round, white hill,
The snowshoer, singing, strides,
  And the heart of the world lies.

The north-lights flash in the north
  Like Olaf's cloak, tossed red;
The drifts are molded and white
  Like the grave-clothes of the dead.

But the trapper, Pierre Letonne,
  Sings, as he hurries along;
And a little wind in the spruces
  Mimics his lilted song.

"Eyes like the heart of the sea,
  Hands like the foam on the shore—
Oh, sweet, my queen, Vivette,
  Do not wait for me at the door?"

A cry comes out of the stillness,
  But the lover gives no heed.
"Vivette, the trail's merry,
  For I follow where kisses lead!

"The miles slip by, forgotten,
  For you, and the town are there;

The warmth of the high, red windows—
The warmth of your golden hair."

A cry comes out of the forest.
The snowshoer turns his head.
He sees the long, white drifts
Like the grave-clothes of the dead;

And he hears, at the edge of the wood,
Mingled, and mad, and shrill,
The cry of the great gray wolves—
The wolves who gather to kill.

The snowshoer bends and runs
And his brave lips shape a prayer
He thinks of the warm, red windows,
And the sheen of her regal hair.

He prays for her dear, white hands,
And her eyes, like the heart of the sea.
The gray wolves leap, and leap
And the north-lights clash in their glee!

Under the moon and the stars,
His brave song rings no more;
The lights at the windows are dead
And a shadow comes to the door.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

SHE SKATES ALONE

She skates alone, and swift as swallows fly
She skims and glides until she seems a shy,
Fleet winter nymph, for whose bewitching sake
The frosty gnomes the glittering mirrors make
All glassy smooth. And ah! a yearnsome sigh
Escapes from scores of swains, who far and nigh
To win the slightest notice vainly try,
With fancy curves and fine, as o'er the lake,
She skates alone.

But ah! they fail that with her muff would vie
To hold her hand. They little dream that I
Alone the place of warming furs may take,
And merely sit upon the shore and shake
Because I never skate—and that is why
She skates alone.

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

CURLING SONG

The music o' the year is hush'd
In bonny glen and shaw, man;
And winter spreads o'er nature dead
A winding sheet o' snaw, man.
O'er burn and loch, the warlock frost,
A crystal brig has laid, man;
The wild geese screaming wi' surprise,
The ice-bound wave ha'e fled, man,

Up, curler, frae your bed sae warm,
And leave your coaxing wife, man!
Gae get your besom, tramps, and stanes,
And join the friendly strife, man.
For on the water's face are met,
Wi' mony a merry joke, man,
The tenant and his jolly laird,
The pastor and his flock, man.

The rink is swept, the tees are mark'd,
The bonspeil is begun, man;
The ice is true, the stanes are keen,
Huzza, for glorious fun, man!
The skips are standing at the tee,

To guide the eager game, man;
Hush, not a word, but mark the broom,
And tak' a steady aim, man:

There draw a shot, there lay a guard,
And here beside him lie, man;
Now let him feel a gamester's hand,
Now in his bosom die, man;
Then fill the port, and block the ice,
We sit upon the tee, man;
Now tak' this in-ring, sharp and neat,
And mak' their winner flee, man.

How stands the game? It's eight and eight
Now for the winning shot, man;
Draw slow and sure, and tak' your aim,
I'll sweep you to the spot, man.
The stane is thrown, it glides along,
The besoms ply it in, man;
Wi' twisting back the player stands,
And eager, breathless grin, man.

A moment's silence, still as death,
Pervades the anxious thrang, man,
When sudden bursts the victor's shout,
With holla's loud and lang, man.
Triumphant besoms wave in air,
And friendly banters fly, man;

Whilst, cold and hungry, to the inn,
Wi' eager steps they hie, man.

Now fill ae bumper, fill but ane,
And drink wi' social glee, man,
May curlers on life's slippery rink,
Frae cruel rubs be free, man;
Or should a treacherous bias lead
Their erring course ajee, man,
Some friendly in-ring may they meet,
To guide them to the tee, man.

HENRY DUNCAN

OF SKATING

She's just at my back, and
  She sees me, I'm certain.
I'll show I'm a crack hand;
She's just at my back, and—
But something goes crack, and
  I'd best draw the curtain;
She's just at my back, and
  She sees me, I'm certain.

COULSON KERNAHAN

THE WOLF HUNT

Over the hills on a winter's morn,
In the rosy glow of a day just born,
With the eager hounds so fleet and strong,
On the gray wolf's track we jog along.

* * * * *

Closely scanning with anxious eyes
The snowy crest of each rocky rise,
Stealthily on in the morning air,
The gray wolf seeks his rocky lair.

Back from the spoils of a midnight raid,
Red are his jaws from the feast he made;
But, cunning as ever, he glances round
And sniffs the snow on the frozen ground.

And now he stops and glances back
On the crooked windings of his track;
For, softly on the breeze has come
A scent that makes his fierce heart numb.

He also hears the crushing sound
Of trampling hoofs on the frozen ground,
And off he starts in sudden fear;
His instinct tells him foes are near.

And run thou must the Bad Lands o'er
As thou hast never run before;
For like the wind o'er hill and brake,
Grim Death comes dashing in thy wake.

And now the hounds are in full sight,
All eager for the coming fight,
Urged on by many a lusty cheer
From mounted hunters in the rear.

Foremost in the chase comes Fly,
Like meteor flashing through the sky;
Then neck to neck and nose to nose,
Brace, Sport, and Pedro swiftly close
The intervening space that's spread
Between them and the wolf ahead.

While each one eager for the race,
And old Don bravely setting pace,
Bob and Queenie, Prince and White,
Speed swiftly in the morning light;
Their motto is to do or die,
And nought but blood will satisfy.

Foot by foot and yard by yard,
With waning strength and breathing hard,
The wolf is swiftly losing ground;
He feels the breath of the leading hound;
His fierce jaws snap, his eye-balls glare,
He struggles hard in mad despair.

* * * * *

The race is o'er—the battle won,
The wolf lies dying in the sun;
His midnight raids are of the past,
He's met the conquering foe at last.
Well done, brave hounds! Your savage prey
Was shrewdly caught and killed to-day.

WALLACE DAVID COBURN

THE OLD PINE TREE

Dedicated to the St. George Snowshoe Club

"Listen, my child," said the old pine tree, to the little one nestling near,
"For the storm clouds troop together to-night, and the wind of the north I hear;
And perchance there may come some echo of the music of long ago,
The music that rang when the White Host sang, marching across the snow."

"Up and away, Saint George! up thro' the mountain gorge,
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and the great white flakes are flying
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry men,
Follow the trail, tho' the shy moon hides, and deeply the drifts are lying."

"Ah! mother," the little pine tree replied, "you are dreaming again to-night
Of ghostly visions and phantom forms that forever mock your sight;

'Tis true the moan of the winter wind comes to my
list'ning ear
But the White Host, marching, I cannot see, and
their music I cannot hear."

"When the northern skies were all aflame where the
trembling banners swung,
When up in the vaulted heavens the moon of the
Snow Shoe hung,
When the hurricane swept the hillside, and the
crested drifts ran high
Those were the nights," said the old pine tree, "the
great White Host marched by."

And the storm grew fiercer, fiercer, and the snow
went hissing past,
But the little pine tree still listened, till she heard
above the blast
The music her mother loved to hear in the nights of
the long ago
And saw in the forest the white-clad Host—march-
ing across the snow!

And loud they sang as they tramped along of the
glorious bygone days
When valley and hill re-echoed the snowshoer's
hymn of praise

Till the sky moon gazed down smiling, and the
north wind paused to hear
And the old pine tree felt young again as the little
one nestling near.

"Up and away, Saint George! up thro' the moun-
tain gorge.
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and the
great white flakes are flying.
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry men.
Follow the trail, tho' the shy moon hides, and deeply
the drifts are lying."

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

WINTER UPLANDS

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
The long white drift upon whose powdered peak
I sit in the great silence as one bound;
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew
Across the open fields for miles ahead;
The far-off city, towered and roofed in blue,
A tender line upon the western red;
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,
Like jets of silver from the violet dome,
So wonderful, so many and so near,
And then the golden moon to light me home—
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

WINTER NOCTURNE

With me is revelry and light,
A wind-blown world of circling rink;
With me is music and the clink
Of frosty steel on crackling ice;
With me the sweet seductive sight
Of gliding figures that entice
The watcher to pursue their flight
Through mazy whirls, alertly tense,
To steal swift passage left and right,
All thought o'erwhelmed in giddy sense.
With me is revelry and light—
With thee, the silence and the night.

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.

THAT HOCKEY GAME

What is that noise that rings out clear,
  That sound of hearty cheers,
That comes across the smooth, black ice
  To greet our listening ears?
Two teams have stepped into the rink;
  Their object is the same—
To fight and struggle hard to win
  This dashing hockey game.

Into the rink the umpire steps,
  The captains choose their goal;
They then line up, to do or die
  They'll strive with all their soul.
"All ready! Go!" the umpire shouts;
  "They're off!" the watchers cry.
Ah, yes, they're off in the mad race
  To win the victory.

Up, down, across, a pass, a shoot,
  A goal? No—just a miss.
"Come, boys, brace up," the captain cries;
  Was e'er a game like this!
The whistle blows; the half is o'er;
  No score for either side;
Both captains urge their breathless teams
  To win, whate'er betide.

The puck's replaced, they face it off,
It's passed on to an end,
And up the ice he skates like mad,
While they the goal defend.
The cover-point steps out—he's passed,
And on they skate once more;
Just one more man—he stops the puck:
They lose a chance to score.

"Five minutes more," the timer calls.
"Five minutes more to play!
"We must 'buck up,' and make a goal,
"Or we shall lose the day."
So thinks the captain—for response
The puck comes—in a trice
He's panting, dodging, scrambling,
Fighting onward up the ice.

At last he spies a narrow hole
Outside the goal keep's skate,
Just wide enough,—for it he shoots
Before it be too late.
Straight through darts on the well-aimed puck—
"A goal!" all loud exclaim;
On the captain's brow the laurel rests
Of that dashing hockey game.

E. C. Potter, Jr.

SNOWSHOEING SONG

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Gather, gather, ye men in white;
The winds blow keenly, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lies firm and white;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be over the hill to-night.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Swiftly in single file we go,
The city is soon left far below,
Its countless lights like diamonds glow;
And as we climb, we hear the chime
Of church bells stealing o'er the snow.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Like winding-sheet about the dead,
O'er hill and dale the snow is spread,
And silences our hurried tread;
The pines bend low, and to and fro
The maples toss their boughs o'er head.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
We laugh to scorn the angry blast,
The mountain top is gained and past.

Descent begins, 'tis ever fast—
One short quick run, and toil is done,
We reach the welcome inn at last.

Shake off, shake off the clinging snow;
Unloose the shoe, the sash untie;
Fling toque and mittens lightly by;
The chimney fire is blazing high,
And, richly stored, the festive board
Awaits the merry company.

Remove the fragments of the feast!
The steaming coffee, waiter, bring.
Now tell the tale, the chorus sing,
And let the laughter loudly ring;
Here's to the host, drink down the toast,
Then up! for time is on the wing.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
The moon is sinking out of sight,
Across the sky dark clouds take flight,
And dimly looms the mountain height;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be home again to-night.

ARTHUR WEIR

THE VOYAGEUR

Dere's somet'ing stirrin' ma blood to-night,
On de night of de young new year,
W'ile de camp is warm an' de fire is bright,
An' de bottle is close at han'—
Out on de reever de nort' win' blow,
Down on de valley is pile de snow,
But w'at do we care so long we know
We're safe on de log cabane?

Drink to de healt' of your wife an' girl,
Anoder wan for your frien',
Den geev' me a chance, for on all de worl'
I've not many frien' to spare—
I'm born, w'ere de mountain scrape de sky,
An' bone of ma fader an' moder lie,
So I fill de glass an' I raise it high
An' drink to de Voyageur.

For dis is de night of de Jour de l'An,
W'en de man of de Grand Nor' Wes'
T'ink of hees home on de St. Laurent,
An' frien' he may never see—
Gone he is now, an' de beeg canoe
No more you'll see wit' de red-shirt crew,
But long as he leev' he was alway' true,
So we'll drink to hees memory.

Ax' heem de nort' win' w'at he see
Of de Voyageur long ago,
An' he'll say to you w'at he say to me,
So lissen hees story well—
"I see de track of hees botte sau-vage
On many a hill an' long portage
Far, far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell—

"I never can play on de Hudson Bay
Or mountain dat lie between
But I meet heem singin' hees lonely way
De happies' man I know—
I cool hees face as he's sleepin' dere
Under de star of de Red Rivière,
An' off on de home of de great w'ite bear,
I'm seein' hees dog traineau.

"De woman an' chil'ren's runnin' out
On de wigwam of de Cree—
De leetle papoose dey laugh an' shout
W'en de soun' of hees voice dey hear—
De oldes' warrior of de Sioux
Kill hese'f dancin' de w'ole night t'roo,
An de Blackfoot girl remember too
De ole tam Voyageur.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant'
On de lan' w'ere de reindeer travel free,
Ringin' out strong an' clear—
Offen de grey wolf sit before
De light is come from hees open door,
An' caribou foller along de shore
De song of de Voyageur.

"If he only kip goin', de red ceinture,
I'd see it upon de Pole
Some mornin' I'm startin' upon de tour
For blowin' de worl' aroun'—
But w'erever he sail an' w'erever he ride,
De trail is long an' de trail is wide,
An' city an' town on ev'ry side
Can tell of hees campin' groun'."

So dat's de reason I drink to-night
To de man of de Grand Nor' Wes',
For hees heart was young, an' hees heart was light
So long as he's leevin' dere—
I'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein
I'm a son of de Nort' Win' wance again—
So we'll fill her up till de bottle's drain
An' drink to de Voyageur!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

FROM "THE LUGGIE"

Now underneath the ice the Luggie growls,
And to the polished smoothness curlers come
Rudely ambitious. Then for happy hours
The clinking stones are slid from wary hands,
And Barleycorn, best wine for surly airs,
Bites i' the mouth, and ancient jokes are cracked.
And of, the journey homeward, when the sun
Low-rounding to the west, in ruddy glow
Sinks large, and all the amber-skirted clouds,
His flaming retinue, with darkening glow
Diverge! The broom is brandished as the sign
Of conquest, and impetuously they boast
Of how this shot was played—with what a bend
Peculiar—the perfection of all art—
That stone came rolling grandly to the Tee
With victory crowned, and flinging wide the
rest
In lordly crash!

DAVID GRAY

WINTER NIGHTS

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques, and
courtly sights,
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defense,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well:
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures
are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

THOMAS CAMPION

ALL HAIL TO A NIGHT

"All hail to a night when the stars stand bright
Like gold-dust in the sky;
With a crisp track long, and an old-time song
And the old-time company."

"All hail to a night when the Northern light
A welcome to us waves;
Then the snow-shoer goes o'er the ice and the snows,
And the frost and the tempest braves!"

"The snow-shoer's tent is the firmament,
His breath the rush of the breeze.
Earth's loveliest sprite, the Frost Queen at night,
Lures him silvery through the trees."

"Yes, the snow-shoer's queen is Winter serene,
We meet her in the glade;
Dark-blue-eyed, a fair, pale bride
In her jewelled veil arrayed."

"Let us up then and toast to the uttermost,
Fair Winter! We Knights of the Shoe;
And in circle again join hearts with the men
That of old-time toasted her too!"

W. D. LIGHTHALL

Down the St. Lawrence winter storms begin,
Deep, deep the snows, and hard the frost sets in;
The smaller streamlets first to cease to flow,
And often buried in the drifted snow.
The "habitant," with capote snug and warm,
Drives his rude sleigh, and battles with the storm;
His smart, small palfreys gallop gayly by
The well-filled barns that near the road may lie;
He pours his patois French in ditties gay,
And love or war beguiles the whitened way.
He bears the produce of his native soil,
Wrung from its surface by his summer's toil,
To swell the commerce of St. Lawrence shore,
Waiting till spring shall melt its waves once more.

Yet still the city scenes of Winter's reign
Rival his blast upon the rural plain;
And sleighs of varied tint, and every form,
Are driven with speed, despite the bickering storm.
The merry bells, of varied size and tone,
Give music of a kind that's all their own.
Beauty and fashion, clad in warm attire,
Glide o'er the snow, and sometimes through the mire.
What rare delight the youths and maidens find
Through the gay streets in Winter's chilly wind;

Or when the sun's bright glistening glory shines
Along the streets, in varied coloured lines,
Each turn, each angle, shows some new delight
In the bright sunshine, or the twinkling night;
And many a tale of truthful love is told,
That summer's suns shall afterwards unfold.

Yet winter here gives blither scenes than these,
Which age and youth and childhood even can please.
O'er the smooth surface of the icy plain,
Where danger never lurks in pleasure's train;
Here youthful forms can quickly turn or glide,
And quick traverse the rink from side to side;
Here tender maidens, with their steel-shod feet,
Can on the ice their beaux and gallants meet,
And on some nights of carnival and fun,
To the soft music through the waltzes run,
And blithely beat their limbs to time and tune,
Under the gentle glimpses of the moon;
And down the dance most nimbly trip the fair,
Embreathing health from Winter's frosty air.
Even childhood here its tiny limbs can ply,
And o'er the ice its lightsome form can fly,
And weave its gambols on the frozen plain,
And to the nurse's care return again.

And this same scene allows the grey-haired Scot
O'er the same plain to send the curling shot,

And here renew the game his native clime
Rejoiced to witness in his youthful prime;
Send chiselled stones athwart the slippery floor,
And count with keenness each successful score;
And to the game to give a keener zest,
Call distant rinks to come and try their best.
And side by side, in friendly contest keen,
Scots from far distant rinks may here be seen
Watching the stone along the slippery way,
Sweeping with broom to give it fairer play;
And crown the contest o'er with feast and song,
And cheerful mirth to morning hours prolong.

And there are rinks that crowd the frosted plain,
With revels brought from Italy or Spain,
Where male and female masked, and in attire
Of fancied characters, will even aspire
To ape the antics of barbaric times,
And don habiliments of foreign climes,
Disguised as mandarin, Turk, or bearded Jew,
Like queen or shepherdess;—their costumes, too,
So well arranged that none can ever know
Which is the belle or which the gallant beau.
Some dressed like devil, some like knight or squire,
Some like a dragon breathing mimic fire;
Some may be seen like Hamlet, dressed in black,
And bold Don Quixote—Sancho at his back;
And wilder still, to give surprise a shock,

One skated round just like a cabbage stock.
With such-like capers here the slippery stage
Mocks the historic and histrionic page.

Still there are some who seek for wider play,
And dare the dangers of the frozen bay.
Some in the ice-boat, as its sails expand,
Will shun the safety of the solid land,
And swiftly skim along the hardened wave,
And all its dangers for amusement brave;
And with advantage of a favouring wind,
Will leave the swiftest skater far behind;
Steering and tacking with consummate skill,
Make the light bark obedient to their will.
The icy field may crack and groan and roar,
Still will they leave the safety of the shore,
And sit at ease, though driven with matchless speed,
Far from a helping hand in time of need.
Such are the schemes by which we cheat the time
Of winter in this cold Canadian clime,
And many of our pleasure-seekers sigh
When winter and its games have glided by;
And some will languish in the warmest day
For the cold capers of the frozen bay.

The wondrous bridge of tubes presents a scene
In winter, down the rapids of Lachine,
Where blocks on blocks of ice confusedly pile,

And graze the shores of each romantic isle.
The Isle of Nuns, the Isle of Devils there
Are each encased, and each must take its share
Of rude embraces from the hardened wave,
Which the warm summers gently round them lave,
And beat the river's banks on either side,
Where the rude rapids rush to meet the tide.
But where the river widens out below,
The levelled waters there more gently flow.
In winter there's a large and icy space,
Where teams can travel at the swiftest pace;
Taverns are built, and huckster stands are piled
With various products, in the winter wild,
Culled from the garden or the autumn field,
Or what the cooks or baker shops can yield.
Liquors and wines, and ales and beers are there,
With all the sequents of a country fair,
Heaped in confusion on the hardened brim,
Where but a team can drive or skate can skim.

JAMES K. LISTON

THE SKATERS

Far in the West the dead day's pyre,
  Between the spaces of the wood,
Burned low—a dusky, sullen fire—
  Beneath the twilight's gathering hood.
But quivering in the dusk an gray
  One star, that softly grew more bright,
  Gleamed like a promise of the night
Above the embers of the day.

Before us lay the glassy stream,
  A crystal path from shore to shore,
That seemed to hold it in a dream—
  O limpid, laughing tides of yore!
And still, in memory of June,
  The star reflected held a place,
  While glimmered o'er its frozen face,
The whiteness of the rising moon.

With flashing feet we sped away
  Along the silent, snow-clad shore,
That, gleaming in the moonlight, lay
  Where swift our shadows ran before!
But though the shore was still and white,
  No summer song was e'er more sweet
  Than that clear music which our feet
Sent ringing to the winter's night!

We felt the rushing wind go by,
As round some bend with quickening stride
We swept, and heard the pine-boughs sigh
That leaned across the frozen tide;
Until the ever-broadening stream
Stretched straight before to meet the bay,
That in the magic moonlight lay
In silver silence, all a-dream!

And when at last we homeward turned
With eager, yet reluctant feet,
Our pulses glowed, our faces burned,
And life felt buoyant, strong and sweet!
Within the house one beacon-light
Its vigil kept; within the grate
The fire burned low—the hour was late—
But health's best sleep was ours that night!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS

A WINTER SONG FOR THE SLEIGH

Hurrah for the forest—the wild pine-wood forest!
The sleigh-bells are jingling with musical chime;
The still woods are ringing,
As gaily we're singing,
Oh, merry it is in the cold winter time!

Hurrah for the forest—the dark pine-wood forest!
With the moon stealing down on the cold sparkling snow;
When with hearts beating lightly,
And eyes beaming brightly,
Thro' the wild forest by moonlight we go.

Hurrah for the forest—the dark waving forest!
Where silence and stillness for ages have been;
We'll rouse the grim bear,
And the wolf from his lair,
And the deer shall start up from his thick cedar screen.

Oh, wail for the forest—the proud stately forest!
No more its dark depths shall the hunter explore;
For the bright golden grain
Shall wave free o'er the plain,
Oh, wail for the forest!—its glories are o'er!

MRS. C. P. TRAILL

SKATING SONG

Fresh the breeze, the morning bright!
Come, join the merrily laughing throng;
The sunbeams dance on th' glistening ice,
The while our voices blend in song.
Swiftly gliding, darting to and fro,
Like to the fleeting wind, over the ice we go!

The life that's in the freshening breeze
Gives to our cheeks a brighter glow;
And hearts are warm with keen delight,
Though all around is wrapped in snow.
Swiftly gliding, darting to and fro,
Like to the fleeting wind, over the ice we go!

H. H. FURNESS, JR.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME

On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Thus opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "Post and Pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,

Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baitings of the boar.
The wassal round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked: hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pye;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savory goose.

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din.
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong;
Who lists may in their murmuring see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But O, what maskers richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was "merry England" when
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

WALTER SCOTT

BILIN' SAP

You boys all know how in the airly spring—
Wal, say about the time the bluebird comes—
How 'tis the groun' begins ter thaw an' freeze
Along the sunny slopes beside the woods,
An' how the sap goes creepin' up by day
Inter the limbs an' shoots upon the trees,
An' how the cold at night will send it back
Agin a-racin' down into the roots
Ter keep all snug an' warm till mornin' comes;
The snow ain't gone 'cept here an' there a bit
Upon the hills that look all bare an' burnt—
Wal, jest about this time it gits ter look
Like sugarin'. So when the wind comes right,
An' it will freeze by night an' thaw by day,
Then boys look out fur jest a rush o' sap.
'Tis then we git the spouts an' buckets out,
An' set the camp. I tell you what, 'tis fun
This tappin' trees, sendin' the gleamin' bit
Inter the wood, seein' the shavin's creep
Out on the steel, an' fall upon the snow,
Wet with the lifeblood o' the mighty tree;
An' then ter see the sap come spurtin' out
As bright an' sparklin' as the mornin' dew,
An' then ter hear it drop inter the pail
As skiddy as an old-time wooden clock—
A kinder sayin', drink, drink, drink.

When sap has been a-runnin' for a week
Right smart—that is, it does not run much nights—
The storage tubs an' pans git brimmin' full
An' runnin' over, too, an' then the boys
Go up ter camp ter bile the sap at night.
They git a peck o' apples from the bin,
Some but'nuts an' some ches'nuts from upstairs,
An' then they start up to the sugarhouse.
The moon is mebbe three hours high by then
An' jest a-smilin' out her purtiest,
Turnin' the snow to sparklin' diamonds
An' makin' gloomy shadows 'hind the trees.
The sugarhouse looks cheerfuller than home
With its great fire a-glowin' in the arch,
An' steam a-streamin' out through every crack.
Wal, fust they set ter work ter fill the pan
An' git the fire to goin' good an' hot,
An' then they spread some blankets on the floor
Before the glowin' arch where it is warm,
An' set down for a feast an' story tell,
An' sech tales as them country boys can tell!
Stories of Injun fightin' on the plains,
An' huntin' grizzlies on the mountain wilds,
An' trackin' antelopes across the snow,
With jungle tales an' stories o' the East,
Of buried treasures in the mountain side,
An' pirate raids upon the open sea.
An' all the while the fitful firelight gleams
An' dances in the arch, sendin' its glow

Far out inter the gloom, then sinkin' low
Leaves all the scene in dark, mysterious shade,
An' ev'ry now an' then the howlin' wind
Shrieks in the trees like witches ridin' by,
Or makes the big old maple limbs ter squeak
An' groan; then, in some sudden lull, the crust
Will crack an' snap like ter the sharp report
O' that dread rifle that the red man bears,
An' owls with hideous hoots fill up the gaps.
An' as each tale grows skeerier than the last
The boys draw nearer to the cheerful fire
An' peer inter the gloom with frightened eyes;
An' so they pass the cold un'arthly night
A-chankin' apples an' a-spinnin' yarns,
An' skeerin' one another nigh ter death,
Until the gleamin' stars begin ter fade,
An' in the east there comes a yaller streak.
An' then they pour the sirup in a tub,
Then hitch it tight upon the old hand sled,
An' draw it home jest as the breakin' day
Begins ter chase the shadows o'er the snow.

CLARENCE HAWKES

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow,
In a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way.
Bells on bobtail ring
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song to-night!

Chorus

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright
Was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank;
Misfortune seem'd his lot;
He got into a drifted bank,
And we, we got upsot.

Now the ground is white;
Go it while you're young;
Take the girls to-night,
And sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bobtail'd bay,
Two forty was his speed;
Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack! you'll take the lead.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SKI-JOURNEY

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
Three men on a single pair of ski;
Rushing past village, and mountain, and tree,
Stormy skies and clear,
And the Yule-tide near,
See the vale below them, dotted with its lights!

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
Iamtlanders follow, a drunken rout,
Unleashing their bloodhounds, to scent them out,
As the bright moonlight
Floods the wintry night—
Black lie the shadows cast by the forest.

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
Doomed to the altar, a messenger pair,
Cared for and fattened, now free do they fare,
Christian men twain,
Catch them again!
Hungrily howl the ancient wolves of Odin.

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
On the ski they stand but at shoulder-height
Of their rescuer's frame, as, wild with fright,
They fare forespent,
While on safety bent,
Strikes he still onward, as were he alone.

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
Through the deep-drifted snow in their headlong flight,
Lost to men's view as they flee through the night,
Past wild beast and troll,
Now they speed toward their goal—
Halt! Yonder a hovel half-hid in the forest.

How they went hurrying,
How they went scurrying!
In they crept, kindled fire 'gainst the winter's rigor,
Food he set forth, and restored them to vigor,
Then landed with a leap
On the loft for sleep,
Heaving men and weapons up before him.

How they went hurrying,
How they went scurrying!
Then came the Iamtlanders' footsore pack,

Leaping and yelping, the hounds in their track,
The bones found and pawed,
Nosed them and gnawed;
Men and dogs soon were all snoring in sleep.

How they went hurrying,
How they went scurrying!
In came a troll-wife, her hunger to sate,
Killed she the dogs, roasted them and ate,
One by one the men
Cast in the fire, and then
Greedily devoured, still smelling for more.

How they went hurrying,
How they went scurrying!
From the loft a man doth a spear-shaft launch
In through her back and out through her paunch;
Shrieking and quaking,
The spear-shaft shaking,
Bellowing the troll rushed out into the forest.

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
Three men on a single pair of ski,
Rushing past village, and mountain, and tree,
Stormy skies and clear,
And the Yule-tide near,
Norway lies below them dotted with its lights.

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
"Here is your country, you now are secure;
Greet King Olaf, for him 'tis sure
That above all men
Would I choose for friend,
To him with my greetings give this silver dish."

How they go hurrying,
How they go scurrying!
Under his gold helm streams his hair,
In the fanning wind, as away he doth fare,
And his warrior-height
Towers in sight
Above the birches on the grassy mountain-slope.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

SKATING

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons; happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star,
That fled, and flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MONTREAL CARNIVAL SPORTS

The Frost-King sat on a throne of snow,
  On a plain in the Royal Isle:
In his hand a sceptre of ice he bore,
On his brow a crown of ice he wore,
  And his face was set in a holiday smile,
When he bade the carnival trumpet blow
For the famous Sports to begin.
The voluble hills returned the din
In echoes that travelled o'er many a mile;
O'er the broad St. Lawrence to St. Helen's Isle,
To the sounding rapids of old Lachine,
To the Boucherville woods with their tufts of green,
And the peaceful hamlets that smiled between.

A multitude vast as the waves of the sea,
When Tritons rejoice that the winds are free,
People from far off Southern lands,
Where the eagle exults on outspread vans,—
  People who came from the prairied West,
And pine-clad East, and numbers untold
Of natives who laughed at the teeth of the cold
  Were there for a gala day, threefold blest.

The trumpeter wight was an Arctic sprite,
Whose limbs were lank and whose locks were white,
And when he had blown with all his might,
The Frost-King raised his sceptre high,
When it flashed all the lights of a boreal sky,
And thus, in accents of festive tone,
He welcomed the guests who encircled his throne:—

"Friends! who have journeyed far to share
The verve of our Canadian air,
  Greeting and love to all.
'Tis wise to lay aside each heavy care
  And all the petty ills that do enthral,
To find in ampler scope this lusty joy,
This social amity, where no alloy
Of turbid passion mingles with the gold
  Of kindly fellowship:
Where harmony betwixt the heart and lip
Its primal sanctity delights to hold.
Pleasure is native to the heart of man,
  Here let it freely flow;
Here let an ocean tide of gladness roll,
Here where no tyrant's interdict can ban
  The sacred glow
That freedom kindles in the human soul."

Now let the sports begin, and first
Let youths and maids who stand athirst

For Canada's supreme sensation,
For motion's wild intoxication,
Launch from yon hills their swift toboggans.
  Behold, upon the utmost crest,
How democratic Jones and Scroggins
  With Lords and Ladies freely jest.
    Blow, trumpet, blow!
    The signal sound how well they know!
Down, down they plunge, what frantic speed!
No lightning-shod celestial steed
E'er swifter clove the azure air
Than headlong down the polished slide
Those young athletes and damsels ride,
Obedient to the trumpet's blare;
Like foamy waves that seek the shore,
When red-mouthed storms behind them roar,—
Like avalanches loosed from high,—
Like meteors rushing down the sky,—
They spurn the steep, they leap, they fly,
  Till on the flats in bubbling joy they pour.

A sport of more elastic grace
Now claims from us its honoured place.
  Again, my merry sprite,
  The trumpet sound, and let the night
In starry azure veil the face
  Of Earth, enrobed in purest white.
The signal blast the skaters know,

And eagerly—with cheeks aglow,
Their costumes varied as the flowers
And blossoms that the Summer hours
On all the sunny lands bestow—
They skim in joy the crystal floor,
So full their bliss they ask no more.
In sooth it is a goodly show,
Twice twenty hundred twinkling feet
In fairy flight, advance, retreat,
Whilst others, more ambitious still,
In loops and scrolls assert their skill.
The champion of a hundred rinks,
  Behold him there! his bosom mailed
With trophies rich; what fancy jinks
  Those lithe, light limbs that never failed!
What complicated, airy links
They weave, as weaves a spider's feet!
Till tip-toe wonder, stares and winks,
And plauding hands his triumphs greet.
What ho! what means yon wild array,
In blanket-coats and sashes gay,
With red fire armed, that wind this way?
Stretching afar for many a mile,
Hither they haste in Indian file,
Ha, Ha! the rebel horde I know;
Blow, trumpeter, the trumpet blow!—
To arms! the snow-shoe host have sworn
To storm our castle walls,—this morn

A faithful courier warning gave;
Defiant let our war-flag wave!
And you, my guests, remain in sight,
Spectators of the weirdest fight
That ever shook the vault of night.
To arms, our veterans! Man the walls,
Receive them with a million balls
Of roaring flame, with dart and brand,
And serpents that no mortal hand
Can parry; let our trusty Pinch,
Who never has been known to flinch,

Protect the gates; our princely friend,
Great zero, shall in wrath defend
The turrets and the loop-holed walls;
Let blizzard—a tremendous power—
In fury guard the centre tower;
And coldsnap, thine the task to shower
With fiery hail and blistering squalls,
And cannonade of burning snow
From every point the reeling foe!

The rebels advance with a shout and a cheer;
But they reck not the might of that spectral host,
Each warrior chieftain a blood-freezing ghost,
Who answered their mirth with a jeer.
Strange voices—such sounds as the winter winds make

When lattice and casement they wrench at and shake,
Were heard in those halls;
And such terrible calls
As made the most valiant assailant to quake.
The castle, a lucent volcano, emits
An ocean of flame on the heads of the foe,
They waver—they stagger—they lose their five wits,
And print their appalling defeat in the snow.
Short, sharp and decisive the battle—no breach—
In that marvellous structure the rebels could reach.
To the mountain, abashed, bearing torches, they fled,
Oppressed with the weight of their wounded and dead.
The Frost-King, no longer enveloped in wrath,
With pity surveyed their laborious path;
And then, to the multitude bending, he said:—

"What folly, what ingratitude!
To think with such rebellious war
This wonder of the world to mar!
This temple that in mist and flood
And cataract in embryo slept,
Till near this Royal Island crept
The fluent particles, on which
I breathed and wedded each to each,
And made the solid lustre rich

In dazzling beauty, fit to reach
And rival, in these gleaming spires,
The loveliness of astral fires,
The mellow radiance of the moon.
Ah! whether late or soon
We with our retinue depart,
Is there a single human heart
Will mourn our exit? Shall we not
Some few months hence be quite forgot?
If even so, another year,
With equal pleasure, equal cheer,
King Frost shall hold his court, we wot,
And meet your warmest welcome here."

GEORGE MARTIN

THE CHRISTMAS HUNTER

With blare of horn and holloa,
  Who is it forth doth fare?
It is the Christmas Hunter
  Who rides adown the air.

Upon his wild steed, Sleipnir,
  He storms across the sky;
And like the moan of ocean
  His vanguard surges by.

They are the Judas-hearted,—
  They are the souls of them
That spurned God's own anointed—
  The Man of Bethlehem.

For them nor peace nor joyance
  At this high tide of Yule,
Since they are doomed to follow
  The Hunter's iron rule.

Rage fills his veins with riot
  When peals the Christmas mirth,
For memory bears him backward
  When he had power on earth.

So mad he whirls his minions
  Behind him fast and far,
Without or pause or pity,
  From star to utmost star.

The once almighty Odin
  Whom Christ hurled from his height,
He is the Christmas Hunter
  Who roams the voids of night.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE RACE AT PETIT COTE

Did you ever saw mah ponay—
De wan wat win de race?
She's hon de cutter every day,
She maike de rack an pace.

She's only fair French ponay,
She hav no padda-gree;
Her color was de ches-not bay
But shee's good nuff for me.

"Catin" was mah ponay's name
(De saime as ba-bee doll);
Across de Grande Marais she came,
She's five year hole las' fall.

Gouleau's got a pacing horse,
Ban Butlaire was hees name;
He bring it over from Ecorse,
From Meechegane he came.

Gouleau he always maike de blow
About hees gait an' paddagree;
Dat felleure try it hard to show
Hees plog could maike de two-tortee.

He say hees modder was a dam,
De fadere was a sire
Wat win de race mos' every-tam,
Was full of blood an' fire.

He hav a ceefecate to show
Hees fadere it was de Pilot R.
An' also dat hees dam could go,
For dat was Floray Temp de star.

We ain't see Floray for long tam,
An' Pilot long ago was die.
Ba gosh! Ah tink dat dam an' sire
Was Gouleau's dam beeg lie.

Mah fren Cicotte from Wyandotte
Was tole me hon de sly
De record wat dat plog hees got—
You'll hear de finish by an by.

He say dat some wan was a liar;
For he see hees racker long ago—
He pull de hengine to de fire
In de good ole citay of Munroe.

Hees gallop for de fire brigade,
De force was like heem well;
Hees hon de job, so Cicotte said,
Till some-wan rings de bell.

An' den he say de dev's to pay,
Dat bell was change hees mind:
He'll turn an' go som odder way—
An' leave de fire brigade behind.

For he was hongrey all de day,
Hees hongrey all de naight—
De corn, de bean, de bran, de hay,
Hees gobble ever't'ing in sight.

Hees appetite she can't be beat,
For hees always feel so well.
Hees sure dat was de tam to eat
W'en some wan rings de bell.

Gouleau was start aga'n to holler
Dat Ban, hees pacing horse,
Would beat mah ponay for t'ree dollar—
Ah cover up de bet, of course.

Dat was to be de two-mile race
At Petit-Cote, along de shore.
No trot, no gallop, joust de pace,
T'ree dollar cash, an' notting more.

You know de road by Jeem MacKee?
At de bank shee's turning round.
Dat's de plaice, we was agree,
Would be de starting ground.

Den doun de reever we must go
For two mile straight, no more,
To Louie Youngeblod's plaice below—
De poplaire tree was hon de shore.

De week behind las' Saturday
We fix it for de go.
De wedder she was frostay,
De hice was cover wid de snow.

We bring de ponays to de scratch,
All de habitant was dere.
Dey put dere monay hon de match;
Dere betting freelay hon mah mare.

"Dees be de race for pace an' rack,"
Joe Covion, de judge, hees say.
"So cl'ar de way! Gott off de tra'k!
We start de ponays raight away."

Den neck an' neck we start to go,
But he judge say, "Start wance more!"
We off aga'n, hees calling "Whoa!
Start off aga'n, same as before."

We're off at last, an' hon de speed.
L'enfant! dat was som' pace!
Ah'm trying hard to take de lead,
But ole Ban still was in de race.

De snow she fly as we pass by,
  Mah ponay try to show de way,
But to see dat ole Ban Butlaire fly
  You'd t'ink dere was a fire dat day.

Neck an' neck we're pacing fast,
  We're hon de plaice of Tom MeLoche;
Ah do mah best, Ah can't get past
  Dat ole-tam hengine horse.

De habitant call from de shore
  An' geeve de cheer, as we pass bye.
"Avance, Catin!" "Avance, encore!"
  "Wake up! wake up, old Ban!" dey cry.

Ba gosh! Ah never see such race—
  Raight togedder side by side
Dey go two-tortee hon de pace;
  For taike de lead each ponay tried.

De Taverne Rouge we're going past,
  Neck an' neck, an' all was well;
Ban Butlaire he was going fast
  W'en de cook she ring de bell.

Den Ban he break, he break some more,
  "Who donc!" hees driver yell.
He turn an' gallop for de shore
  An' still de cook she ring de bell.

Wid me, Ah finish hon de pace;
  Dey cheer as Ah pass by.
De judge decide Ah win de race
  For ole Ban was deesqualify.

"Dat's put op job," Gouleau he say,
  "Cicotte's de wan can tell—
Dat's heem w'at pay de cook dat day
  To ring dat dinner bell."

WILLIAM EDWARD BAUBIE

WINTER SPEEDING

Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was too—too dee-vil-ish fast!"

Robe-wrapped and capped, with faces bold
Against the sharp, aggressive cold,
We struck the ice-paved Midway floor,
Breeze-swept from off the windy shore.

Away the course spread smooth and free
Where westward rose frost spire and tree;
And gray walls lifted on our right
To mark the swiftness of our flight.

The lines grew taut, the breeching drew,
As "J. D." 's legs did all they knew;
His splendid head was flung in air,
His moving tail said: "Come, who dare!"

His stride stretched long and sure and true,
As straight behind his hoof-beats flew;
His nostrils breathed defiant breath,
As if he feared nor Time nor Death.

Our cheeks burned red, our ears froze white
Our eyes were swimming with the sight;
But still our hearts exulted high,
Like storm birds shooting through the sky.

For his body swung in a steady flight
Like a master spirit fleet;
And his breath was the breath of fiery might,
And the wind was in his feet.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

A NORTHERN TRAPPER'S TRAIL

Have you ever stooped in the frosty morn
  And bound your snowshoes on,
And felt the blood in your veins as wine,
  No cares to brood upon;

And started off on your old smooth trail,
  As a web of cloth it lay,
Unroll'd o'er hill and lake and vale,
  For forty miles away;

No human there to bar your path—
  You laugh at the grey wolves' wail—
With your old true rifle on your arm
  As you travel the trapper's trail;

The fish that swim in a score of lakes
  Are there for you to bring;
The moose that feed on a hundred hills
  Are ample for a king;

With a shout of freedom held in your throat
  The blood in your veins as wine—
Have you ever been there, Dear Brother,
  Mid'st the tall and scented pine?

GEORGE WELDON

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SNOW

Though the panther's footprints show,
And the wild-cat's, in the snow,
You will never find a trace
  Of the footsteps of a certain
Maiden with a paler face
  Than the drifts that fill and curtain
Hillside, valley, and the wood,
Where the hunter's wigwam stood
In the winter solitude.

What white beast hath grown the fur
For the whiter limbs of her?—
Raiment of the frost and ice
  To her supple beauty fitting;
Wampum strands, as white as rice,
  Of the frost's fantastic knitting,
Wrap her form and face complete;
Glove her hands with ice; her feet
Moccasin with beaded sleet.

'Though he knew she made a haunt
Of the dell, it did not daunt:
Where the hoar-frost mailed each tree
  In soft, phantom alabaster,
And hung ghosts of bud and bee
  On each autumn-withered aster;

By the frozen waterfall,
There she stood, beneath its wall,
In the ice-sheathed chaparral.
Where the beech-tree and the larch
Built a white triumphal arch
For the Winter, marching down
  With his icy-armored leaders;
Where each hemlock had a crown,
  And pale diadems the cedars;
Where the long icicle shone,
There he saw her, standing lone,
Like a mist-wraith turned to stone.

And she led him many a mile
With her hand-wave and her smile.
And the printless swiftness of
  Feet of frost, and snowy flutter
Of her raiment; now above,
  Now below, the boughs of utter
Winter whiteness. Led him on
Till the dawn and day were gone,
And the evening star hung wan.

Hunters found him dead, they tell,
In the winter-wasted dell,
With his quiver and his bow,
  Where the cascade ran a rafter,
White, of crystal and of snow;

Where he listened to her laughter,
Promises, that were as far
As the secrets of a star,
And her love that naught could mar.

And her countenance is this
Stamped on his: and this her kiss,
Haunting still his mouth and eyes,
Colder than the cold December:
This her passion, that defies
All control, the stars remember
Filled him, killed him: this is she
Clinging to him, neck and knee,
Where his limbs sank wearily.

MADISON CAWEIN

THE SKATERS

Above the frozen floods
Gay feet keep time,
Steel-shod, their measures beat
Insistent rhyme.
No cares oppress the hearts,
Glad youth makes light;
The winter skies and happy eyes
Alike are bright.

Shores where the summer waves
Have whispered low,
Echo the skaters' song,
As to and fro
Glide flitting forms,
And watch-fire's glow
Leaps into frosty air
And crimsons snow.

Fly, skaters, with wing'd feet!
The night wears on;
Be your stroke ne'er so fleet,
Night soon is gone.
With morning's dawn, the fires
In ashes lie,
And mountains keep their ward
Silently by.

GRACE W. LEACH

TRACKIN' RABBITS

The fleecy flakes come fallin' down
  Deep in the stillness of the night,
An' robe the earth so bare an' brown.
  In bridal dress o' purest white,
An' memory goes a nosin' back
  Toward the happy long ago,
When 'round the farm we used to track
  The bunnie rabbits through the snow.

All bundled up with "comforters'
  Around our boyish necks an' ears
We'd call the little huntin' curs
  To limber up their runnin' gears,
An' 'round the snowy ol' straw stack
  An' bresh-heap clearin' we would go,
Our hearts alive with fun, to track
  The skeery rabbits through the snow.

When one was started, Moses help!
  But how them hankerin' dogs'd fly!
At every jump they'd give a yelp.
  Us kids a j'inin' in the cry.

Then through a dog-proof fence 't'd out
An' to'ards its home in safety go,
A leavin' its pursuers but
Its tracks cut down into the snow.

We've trailed the brown an' grizzly bear
When in the mountains short o' meat,
Have seen the elk with shaggy hair
Lay dead an' bleedin' at our feet,
The mountain lion's pelt have packed
To camp, an' laid the blacktail low,
But had no sport like when we tracked
Them skeered-up rabbits through the snow.

ANONYMOUS

PICKEREL-FISHING THROUGH THE ICE

Wide o'er the lake's transparent plain
  An adamantine floor is laid,
A pure and crystalline domain
By unseen frosty fingers made;
So firm, a marching host might pass
With ponderous guns the bridge of glass;
And here the ice-boats skim or beat
Swifter than yachter's sailing fleet,
And, pois'd upon the gleamy steel,
The flying skaters whirl and wheel.
  The eeler comes with trident spear
To thrust with keen and barbed grain;
The pickerel-fishers gather near,
To hew with axe the crystal plain,
And there with baited lines all day,
On circling skates they watch for prey.
A hundred flapping tents arise
To screen them from the blast that blows,
And the white lake with canopies
Like warlike vast encampment shows.
  It is a fair, secluded spot
Hid in dense woods of evergreen,
A frozen lake of lucent glass
Fringed with its sombre forest screen;
The larch, the hemlock, and the pine
And spicy cedars hem it round,

In whose thick, interlacing shades
The speckled partridges abound.
In summer 'tis a sparkling lake
With golden sands and purple deeps,
Where skims the yellow pickerel,
Or through profoundest waters sweeps.
But when the winter days are come
And Christmas carols thrill the air,
And snows besiege the farmer's home,
And pallid woods stretch bleak and bare,
Ice spreads a solid glassy floor
Across the lake from shore to shore,
Then joyous troops delight to wheel
And whirl upon the glancing steel,
To build great bonfires to illume
The scene when falls the evening gloom,
From dawn till midnight hour to make
Wild frolic o'er the crackling lake,
To hew deep chasms in the clear
Pure ice for passage of the spear,
Or set the fish-lines to ensnare
The lurking pickerel from his lair.
A jocund and a youthful crowd
Assemble there with laughter loud;
Bright golden locks o'er brows of snow,
Cheeks with roses' scarlet glow,
And darker tresses flowing down
Like torrents from the mountain's crown;

Eyes gleaming like the diamond spark,
Or star-beam flashing thro' the dark;
These gather all in mad delight,
To see the finny treasures bright
That flash and glitter as they leap
From dim abysses of the deep.
O riotous, glad winter-time!
With brow of snow and locks of rime,
With sifting drift on garden-rail,
With woods resplendent with the hail,
With shapeless snow-heaps o'er the ground,
And roofs with pearl tiaras crown'd,
And house-eaves thick with jewels set,
Bright as the polish'd bayonet;
With wreaths the old walls to adorn,
Where youth and beauty dance till morn;
With silver tinkle of the bells
O'er country roads, thro' sylvan dells;
With skater's shout and singer's strain
Far o'er the wide, rejoicing plain;—
Ah! with all these no festival
So gay in summer's gilded hall!

ISAAC MCLELLAN

SKATING HATH CHARMS

So cold was the night,
  And her cheeks were cold, too,
Though it wasn't quite right,
So cold was the night,
And so sad was her plight,
  That I—well, wouldn't you?
So cold was the night,
  And her cheeks were cold, too.

ANONYMOUS

WHITE WORLDS

Like cameos carved on a purple sky
  Great clean-cut mountains stand,
Icy their helmets towering high
  Over a silent land—
From the dim vale we slowly climb
  Through forests streaked with snow,
In a sparkling air, where the crystal rime
  Glitters with frosty glow.

Aloft as the lines of the pine trees cease
  Deep corniced couloirs run
By hard-won paths to a land of peace
  Into the realm of sun,
Where an underworld, far as the eye can gaze
  From the summit's topmost crest
Stretches away to an azure haze
  Drowsing in wintry rest.

Straight run our ski down the untracked steep,
  Seaming a virgin face,
Upwards the valleys quickly creep
  From unseen depths of space,
The snow-dust flies as the speed grows fast,
  The still air changes to rushing blast,
Alas, that such moments soon are past
  With their thrilling joys of pace!

H. GANDY

WOLVERINE WINTER

The chickadee came in the morning:
Over the Lake hung snow-clouds piling,
Wheeling for the signal—for the signal
Of the lake gods coming to battle!

Up and down the West Coast went the Life Guards
Sniffing at the air and frowning at the sky;
Peering out to westward, muttering to their Pard—
To their Pard, the surf seeping high.
    While the winter came out of the North
    Stript naked, cruel as a bloodless sword!

I carried in wood and I pumped me some water;
I cleaned out the chimney and doubled my quilts.
Then I phoned in to town and bid my pals adieu.
We curst at the weather; promised our God a prayer.
    For the winter, the frozen Hell of the West Coast,
    Like a weasel was sneaking down the shore.

Like the wraith of a profaned tomb it came,
I could see it twisting and writhing round the Point,
Round Little Sauble Point, where the pines and spruces
Whine in a gale like the overtaut string of a viol.

Out among the snow-clouds swept its scythe-like breath,
Fretting the pitching waves to frothy frenzies;
Catching their boiling crests in a creamy ice:
And where it passed the moisture was turned to snow.

At dusk, with a keening wrench and thrust, it left the Lake;
Snarled at the Land; froze the West Coast dead!

PAUL F. SIFTON

A SKATING SONG

The sound of the bugle over the hill—
  Ho! lads, ho!
The twang of the bowstring, silvery shrill
  Across the waste of snow.

Then busk ye, all my merry men,
  And arm ye for the fight,
There's many a heart now whole, I ken,
  Will helpless lie this night—

For who can brave a maiden's glance,
  Or ward her dear device—
What time the moonbeams are a-dance
  Along the diamond ice?

The gallant rush as the squadrons wheel—
  Away! lads, away!
The rollicking call and the ring of steel—
  Ah! but the world is gay!

So, merry men, lay down your arms
  And quit a vanquished field,
For we are bound by stronger charms
  Than Baron Frost can wield.

The icy chains of doughty Jack
  Must vanish at a breath,
But these fond ties we wear, alack!
  Shall hold us to the death.

Dan Cupid's bow is never still—
  And like a bell
Sounds Love's light laughter over the hill—
  A sweet farewell.

DAVID POTTER

THE SHOOTING OF THE MOOSE

All day through woodland stillnesses
  Of weighted fir and spruce
We've followed on our springing shoes
  The blood-trail of the moose,
And now the moon swings clear, and black
The shadows fall across our track.

All day above the crunching snow
  Pierre and Dick and I,
With lust of blood, have sped along
  To see the great moose die.
And now the night has come, and dim
The spectral drifts wreathe after him.

We shot him at the cabin door;
  The whisky-jacks cried shrill.
And when the smoke moved up I saw
  The hemlocks waiting still—
The ancient spruces bending low
To his brave blood across the snow.

Yea, brave his blood as yours or mine,
  And fit for better skill.
The devil's luck, Pierre! I know
  The sights were fixed to kill.
To-night a bull-moose, plunging, dies
Beneath the comfortless, wide skies.

THEODORE ROBERTS

THE LADY OF SNOWS

Ghostly, ethereal, mystical form!
Lady of Snows!
Smiling in sunshine and saddened in storm,
Why dost thou beckon me, ever above me?
Bidding me follow and making me love thee,
Lady of Snows!

Phoebus, all radiant, wakes thee with fire,
Lady of Snows!
Blushing thou risest in fleecy attire;
If thou art wooed by a god at thy portal,
Why wilt thou stoop to ensnare a mere mortal?
Lady of Snows!

Slowly I mount in the heat of the day,
Lady of Snows!
White and transcendent thou showest the way;
Tracks there are none, snow and silence surround me,
Nearer I seem to thee! Ah! have I found thee?
Lady of Snows!

Nay! On this summit I seek thee in vain,
Lady of Snows!
Then, in the distance, behold thee again;
Laughing, and leaping o'er chasms appalling,
Mocking or coaxing, but ever enthralling,
Lady of Snows!

Evening is falling, the sun is at rest,
Lady of Snows!
Opal and amethyst glow on thy breast;
Then, of a sudden, thy warmth and thy splendour
Fade to blue ice, neither youthful nor tender,
Lady of Snows!

Fixed now thy features—the stillness of Death,
Lady of Snows!
Fast I descend, for the chill of thy breath
Freezes my veins, and a pang of cold sorrow
Wrings my poor heart—but I'll seek thee to-morrow,
Lady of Snows!

C. N. BUZZARD

OVER THE ICE

Over the ice with a curving swing,
With a wheeling sweep like a bird a-wing,
A dream of beauty and matchless grace
With sparkling eyes and a bright fair face
And a heart as light as her tossing curls,
Queen of the winter—fairest of girls.
The skirl of two tiny steel-shod feet,
A poem of motion wondrous fleet;
A swaying figure in every line,
Quick with a supple grace divine,
A luring vision of poesy
Hither and thither, swift and free—
Over the ice.

Over the ice with a measured stride,
In a long, long roll of manly pride,
Bending with easy skill that spurns
The snowy flakes at the sharper turns,
With cunning toe and skilful heel
Tracing through spin, and loop, and wheel,
Checking the gleaming surface o'er
With flowing figures in varied score—
King of the winter—in muscled prime

Hither and thither with cadenced time,
With iron nerve and a fearless heart
Glancing safe in his practised art—
Over the ice.

Over the ice—in united strength,
To and fro o'er its polished length,
In smoothest measure that chimes and blends
The tiny "twos" with the "number tens,"
Through "outside edge," and "roll," and "eight,"
Tangling two in a single fate
Hearts that flutter and proudly beat
Chiming true with the clinking feet;
Blades that are carving one destiny
Blent in the graceful tracery,
Braving the fate—that plans a fall
Sudden and awful—and spreads e'en all—
Over the ice.

EDWARD W. SANDYS

THE WINTER SCENE

The rutted roads are all like iron; skies
Are keen and brilliant; only the oak-leaves cling
In the bare woods, or hardy bitter-sweet;
Drivers have put their sheepskin jackets on;
And all the ponds are sealed with sheeted ice,
That rings with stroke of skate and hockey-stick;
Or in the twilight cracks with running whoop.
Bring in the logs of oak and hickory,
And make an ample blaze on the wide hearth.
Now is the time, with winter o'er the world,
For books and friends and yellow candle-light,
And timeless lingering by the settling fire,
While all the shuddering stars are keen and cold.

Out of the silent portal of the hours,
When frosts are come and all the hosts put on
Their burnished gear to march across the night,
And o'er a darkened earth in splendor shine,
Slowly above the world Orion wheels
His glittering square, while on the shadowy hill
And throbbing like a sea-light through the dusk,
Great Sirius rises in his flashing blue.

Lord of the Winter Night, august and pure,
Returning year on year untouched by time,
To kindle faith with thy immortal fire,
There are no hurts that beauty cannot ease.
No ills that love cannot at last repair,
In the courageous progress of the soul.

Russet and white and gray is the oak wood
In the great snow. Still from the North it comes,
Whispering, settling, sifting through the trees,
O'erloading branch and twig. The road is lost.
Clearing and meadow, stream and ice-bound pond
Are made once more a trackless wilderness
In the white hush where not a creature stirs;
And the pale sun is blotted from the sky.
In that strange twilight the lone traveller halts
To listen while the stealthy snowflakes fall.
And then far off toward the Stamford shore,
Where through the storm the coastwise liners go,
Faint and recurrent on the muffled air,
A foghorn booming through the smother,—hark!

When the day changed and the mad wind died down,
The powdery drifts that all day long had blown
Across the meadows and the open fields,
Or whirled like diamond-dust in the bright sun,
Settled to rest, and for a tranquil hour
The lengthening bluish shadows on the snow

Stole down the orchard slope, and a rose light
Flooded the earth with glory and with peace.

Then in the west behind the cedars black
The sinking sun made red the winter dusk
With sullen flare along the snowy ridge,—
Like a rare masterpiece by Hokusai,
Where on a background gray, with flaming breath
The crimson dragon dies in dusky gold.

BLISS CARMAN

GATHER ROUND, ALL YE GOOD MEN

Parched 'mid the dust of the hot summer's blue,
Forgotten and lone sleeps the swift-gliding shoe.
When fair Winter, deftly, a white covering weaves,
And tenderly mantles the dank, fallen leaves—
When the winds whistle keen through the maples and firs,
And the throbbing pulse leaps and the sluggish blood stirs:
Then the blanketed lads their phalanxes form,
And laugh in the teeth of the fierce-driving storm.

Gather round all ye good men and true,
Join with us in gladsome jubilee:
Unsullied still our tasselled blue,—
Untarnished may its brightness be!

Many long years since we entered the race,—
Unchallenged the record and strong yet the pace;
Old comrades may drop from the ranks in the snow,
Still onward, majestic, the old colors go.
They are twined 'mid the folds of our loved Union Jack
That over us waves; and should dastard attack,—
Confusion attend on the pestilent horde,
When the Blanket and Toque tramp with rifle and sword!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS

SKI-SONG OF THE BRAEMAR POSTMAN

Ah! the tang o' the snell hill-air
Stirs my auld blood like wine!
Aince I went climbin'—climbin' sair—
Shoulder-high sometimes the snow—
(Before I got these "ski" of mine—)
  But noo—nae mair!
It's the glory o' youth that I feel as I go—
Straight an' swift as the swallows sweep—
Past the corrie, an' doon the steep!
Ah! my auld blood races young an' warm
  Though the snow lies deep
    On Cairngorm!

Tae ilka hoosie in ilka glen
"Posty" maun bring his bag!
'Tis a guid clean life for your young strong men,
But the auld backs bend, an' the auld hairts fail,
An' the auld feet linger an' lag—
  But I'm young again!
Young!—when in front o' a roarin' gale
Past the corrie, an' doon the steep
Fearless an' straight, as a bird I sweep.
Ah! my auld blood races young an' warm
  Tho' the snow lies deep
    On Cairngorm!

ANONYMOUS

A NIGHT ON THE SKATING RINK

Our rink is in motion,
Like waves of the ocean,
When Summer shines broad on the sea.
The skaters strike out,
Scarce forbearing to shout,
All happy and joyous and free;
And the speed of their flight,
Like an arrow of light,
Takes the breath from a laggard like me.

The exquisite whirl
Of that lovely girl
Has tripped up some heart—I fear—
Ah, were I as young
As when first I sung,
And the rustics were fain to hear,
I would pour out my soul
In a strain that should roll
Aloft to the heavenly sphere!

But though old enough now
To have sons teach me how
To voyage the crystalline floor,
I yield to the power
Of the jubilant hour
And think of my moustache no more;

For a poet, at least,
Should partake of mirth's feast
Till his top is exceedingly hoar.

See, see where she flies!
How adroitly she plies
Those feet with the shining wings,
With a graceful swerve
And a classical curve
While beneath her the ice-path rings;
And the wind in a freak
Stops to kiss her fair cheek,
Then around her in ecstacy sings.

Still sweep we around
With a rippling sound,
Keeping time to the orchestra's swell,
Which, like a bright river
Falling headlong forever
O'er a precipice down to the dell,
Bears our troubles far hence,
And entrancing each sense,
Makes the world one melodious spell.

Let bacchanals drink,
Till like dotards they wink,
Or laugh with a maniac's stare;
They embrace but the ghost

Of true pleasure, at most,
And their morrow is dark with despair;
But the health-giving cheer,
That we revel in here,
Makes our lives more enduringly fair.

So I'm jovial to-night
With the wine of delight,
I am back to my boyhood again;
For a moment like this
Brings a torrent of bliss
That floods over heart and brain;
And the era foretold
By the sages of old
Has commenced its millennial reign.

GEORGE MARTIN

MOOSE-HUNTING IN WINTER

When the winter snowfall lies heavy and deep
  In rounded hillock and drifted heap,
And the frosty flakes like diamonds shine
On the boughs of the hemlock and plumy pine;
Then forth to the northern wilderness
The hardy trappers and hunters press.
  The snow lieth deep, the snow lies white,
It fills the hollows, it tops the height;
The frozen river, the ice-bound lakes,
Are cover'd o'er by the sparkling flakes:
The brook lies mute, and choked in its bed;
You cannot trace where its channels led;
The cedar branch is bent to the ground,
The spruce with a weighty burden is crown'd;
Afar spreads a silent and crystal waste,
Where the features of nature are all effac'd.
  But the valiant hunter hath heart of steel;
He buckles the snow-shoes firm to his heel;
His Indian blanket and buckskin dress
Suit well with the rugged wilderness;
A leathern girdle surrounds his waist.
Wherein his axe and wood-knife are plac'd:
  Then forth, at the crimson dawning of day,
With his heavy rifle he takes his way.
  The snow lies hard, for the keen, cold night
Hath form'd a crust both solid and bright:

So the hunter strides on with steadfast tread
Wherever the icy deserts may spread;
Knowing well the great moose and the caribou,
With clattering hoofs, must wallow through;
Although they be fleet as bird on the wing,
When o'er the firm turf of the forest they spring,
Yet when helpless they sink in the yielding snow,
They're an easy prey to their resolute foe.

The great northern stag, with antlers so broad,
With hoofs that can fence or assault like a sword,
Is a terrible foe; so, hunter, beware,
Nor rashly the dangerous champion dare:
His many-tined antlers are like spikes of the oak,
As sharp as a dagger, as fatal their stroke:
Those prongs they would toss both hunter and hound,
Their stab would impale them like worms of the ground,
First drive the ounce-bullet through skull and through brain,
Till he paint with his gore the snow of the plain;
Then draw the keen edge of your blade o'er his throat,
And sound the death-slogan with shrill bugle-note.

In the far-away northermost wilds of Maine,
Where the murmuring pines all the year complain,
In the unknown Aroostook's lonesome world,

Or where the waters of Moosehead are curl'd,
The stalwart wood-cutter pitches his camp,
In his cabin of logs trims his winter lamp;
And oft when the moose-herd hath form'd its "yard,"
And trampled the snows like a pavement hard,
The woodman forsakes his sled and his team,
And his harvest of logs by the frozen stream;
And, arm'd with his axe and his rifle, he goes
To slaughter the moose blocked in by the snows;
And many a savory banquet doth cheer
The fireside joys of his wintry year,
With the haunch of the moose and the dappled deer.

ISAAC MCLELLAN

LOST SPIRITS

That Gnomes abound on mountains, sad spirits haunt
the snows,
And witches all love woodland, each Alpine peasant
knows;
But—buy bell, book, and candle, and pray you may
be free
From those infernal sorcerers, the Genii of the Ski.

These demons once inhabited the swine of Gaderene,
And, when their homes were waterlogged, went wan-
dering unseen,
Seeking some earthly tenement, till mankind, making
skis,
Made each the home he longed for,—so now they
swarm like bees.

Say you loosen off Satanas, and rest him on the
snow,
Because, on all the toil up, he's been gnawing at
your toe.
Away he goes "hinunter," like an arrow from a
bow,
To hide himself in timber, a thousand feet below.

Alone remains Beelzebub, who does not seem to
mind;

He knows that you must carry him (intolerable grind),
Wading long miles of snowfield until your temper fails,
Seeking his errant comrade, deep in the distant vales.

Though hereditary instinct will make them both agree,
That the only way to take you is straight down the steepest scree,
Should there be a boulder big enough for one to go each side,
They will do so, and do do so, and you—Divide! Divide!

They have unholy compacts with all demons in the mass,
The imps who sit on icy roads, to trip you as you pass;
The fiends who rule the avalanche, leg-breaking sprites in trees,
Will all conspire, with one desire, to watch you slowly freeze.

. . . . . .

Give to your bitterest enemy—a cast-off pair of skis.

H. GANDY

WINTER IN CANADA

Nay, tell me not that with shivering fear,
You shrink from the thought of wintering here;
That the cold intense of our winter time,
Is severe as that of Siberian clime;
And if wishes could waft across the sea,
To-night in your English home you would be.

Remember, no hedges there now are bright
With verdure, or blossoms of hawthorn white;
In damp sodden fields, or bare garden beds,
No daisies or cowslip show their fair heads;
Whilst cold chilling winds and skies of dark hue,
Tell, in England, as elsewhere, 'tis winter too.

Raise your eyes to our skies of azure hue,
Admire their gleaming, metallic blue,
Look round on the earth robed in bridal white,
All glittering and flashing with diamonds bright,
Whilst o'erhead, her lover and lord, the sun,
Shines brightly as e'er in Summer he's done.

In a graceful sleigh, drawn by spirited steed,
You glide o'er the snow with lightning speed,
Whilst from harness decked with silvery bells,

In sweet showers the sound on the clear air swells,
And the keen bracing breeze with vigor rife,
Sends quick through your veins warm streams of life.

On with your snow-shoes, so strong and light,
Thick blanket-coat, sash of scarlet bright,
And away o'er the deep and untrodden snow,
Through wood, o'er mountain, untrammelled to go,
Through lone narrow paths where in years long fled,
The Indian passed with light active tread.

What! dare to rail at our snow storms? Oh, why
Not view them with poet's or artist's eye,
Watch each pearly flake as it falls from above,
Like snowy plumes from some spotless dove,
Clothing all objects in ermine of air,
Far purer than that which monarchs wear?

Have you not witnessed our glorious nights,
So brilliant with gleaming Northern-lights,
Quick flashing and darting across the sky,
Whilst afar in the starry heavens high,
The shining moon pours down streams of light,
O'er the silent earth robed in dazzling white?

There are times, too, our woods show wondrous sights,
Such as are read of in "Arabian Nights,"
When branch and bough are all laden with gems,
And sparkle like Eastern diadems;
And the sun sheds a blaze of dazzling light,
On ruby, opal, and diamond bright.

But tarry till Spring on Canadian shore;
You'll rail at our winters then no more—
New health and fresh life through your veins shall glow,
Spite of piercing winds, spite of ice and snow,
And I'd venture to promise in truth, my friend,
'Twill not be the last that with us you'll spend!

MRS. J. L. LEPROHON

A SONG OF THE SKI

A King, I ween, it must have been,
All in the North Countree.
Who freed his folks from the Snow-fiend's yoke,
By teaching the use of the Ski.

'Tis said, one day, as asleep he lay,
In a vision he did see,
How men might glide down the mountain side,
As ships glide over the sea.

Then he up and laughed, "I will make a raft,
A raft for each foot," quoth he;
"For, methinks, they should go o'er the billowy snow,
As they go o'er the billowy sea."

So an ash tree sound he felled to the ground—
All in the North Countree;
And cleft it in twain, with a straight running grain,
To fashion the faery Ski.

Two supple strips with upturned tips
He carved from the riven tree,
And with leathern thong to his ankles strong
He lashed the new-born Ski.

'Twas rapture supreme, passing vision or dream,
No longer he sank to the knee,
But with curve, dip and swing, like a bird on the wing,
He sped o'er the snow on his Ski.

Then o'er hill and dale with an even trail,
He fared through the North Countree,
And he cried with delight as he skimmed from the height
"Hurrah! for the fleeting Ski!"

And thus the sport to the world was taught,
All in the North Countree;
And the snow no more keeps folk within door,
For they all fare forth on their Ski.

ANONYMOUS

THE YULE-LOG

Hale the Yule-log in!
  Heap the fagots high!
With a merry din
  Rouse old Revelry!
Cry "Noel! Noel!"
  Till the rafters ring,
And the gleeful bell
  Peals its answering!

Brim the Christmas cup
  From the wassail-bowl,
Now the flame leaps up
  With its ruddy soul!
In the glowing blaze
  How the dancers spin!
Deftest in the maze,
  Nimble Harlequin!

Grim Snapdragon comes
  With his mimic ire,
And his feast of plums
  Smothered in the fire.
Oh, the days of mirth,
  And the night akin!
Heap the Christmas hearth;
  Hale the Yule-log in!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

A FOREST PATH IN WINTER

Along this secret and forgotten road
  All depths and forest forms, above, below,
  Are plumed and draped and hillocked with the snow.
A branch cracks now and then, and its soft load
Drifts by me in a thin prismatic shower;
  Else not a sound, but vistas bound and crossed
  With sheeted gleams and sharp blue shadows, frost,
And utter silence. In his glittering power
The master of mid-winter reveries
  Holds all things buried soft and strong and deep.
  The busy squirrel has his hidden lair;
And even the spirits of the stalwart trees
  Have crept into their utmost roots, and there,
Upcoiled in the close earth, lie fast asleep.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

WINTER ABROAD

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways.
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

JAMES THOMSON

THE SLEIGH RIDE

When all the world is robed in white,
And merry night
By moon and stars is rendered bright,

And everywhere the sleighing bell
Rings out to tell
The tale that lovers love so well,

With joy I capture pretty Flo,
And off we go
Across the glittering fields of snow;

Our sleigh just large enough for two
Who want to woo,
And keep unfrozen while they do,

I place my arm, in comic haste,
About her waist,
And find her lips just to my taste.

She shows no traces of alarm,
For what's the harm?
Thus on we speed past cot and farm.

ARTHUR GRISCOM

CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST

Softer than footfalls cushioned in the deep
Moss of a dream, far Christmas revels creep
  Into this woodland heart, with chime and cheer
And season-joy that peopled cities keep.

Silent the yule-tide spirit of the wood;
'Tis perfect, though, if only understood,
  For templed oak and sun-aspiring pine
The Sovereign Giver gave his greatest good.

No brighter burns the Birth-Star of the East
Where altars blaze, and answer choir and priest,
  Than here, in world-redeeming solitude,
She guides her Magi—Nature, Man and Beast.

"Good will to men!" Ah, shepherds watching here
Are brothers bred in hunger, thirst and fear—
  The gold and myrrh and incense offerings
Souls meet to make, when hearts cannot be near.

Lead on, O star, from God to his design,
And light the snowy tapers of the pine!
  Sing out, O angel voices, to the wood,
And make your happy tidings hers and mine!

ALOYSIUS COLL

SKATING SONG

Moon so bright,
Stars alight,
Clouds a-dance, a-dance;
Snow of night,
Fleecy white,
Silver ice a-gleam, a-glance.
High, hey, high, hey,
Skimming the smooth, bright way!
High, hey, high, hey,
Over the ice away!

Cheeks so bright,
Face alight,
Heart a-dance, a-dance;
Eyes of night,
Brow of white,
Silver skates, a-gleam, a-glance.
High, hey, high, hey,
Skimming the smooth, bright way!
High, hey, high, hey,
Over the ice away!

CORA ISABEL WARBURTON

THE FUR KING

My kingdom by the frozen sea,
My love the Snow Queen shares with me;
Unchallenged I in simple fee
Hold fast my royal fief.

My runners scour each forest glade;
Stout hearts guard well my fort stockade;
I laugh at siege or escalade
And rule a North-land chief.

Then pledge me my lieges and lustily sing,
While flare the back-logs and the pine-rafters ring—
No laggard shall serve the bold Fur-trader King!

A downy robe bedecks my Queen,
Thick-set with gems whose fulgent sheen
Outshines the flash of rapier keen
And pales the Winter moon.

No ermine mantle soft I wear:
For me the robe of royal bear—
My shaggy subjects yield with care
A poll-tax paid eftsoon.

When Winter's icy grip is freed,
And, with the rush of frantic steed,
The river roars with headlong speed,
Tossing its foam-flecked mane;

'Mid breaking ice-floes' thund'rous crash,
Plunging its way with reckless dash—
Tearing its sides with many a gash,
And moaning in its pain:

When, resting from its heaving throes,
Drunk with its draught of melting snows,
Sullen and calm the river flows,
I launch my royal barge.

Its bellied birch with peltry stored—
A prince's ransom is on board—
Sweeps on its way, majestic, toward
The river's far dècharge.

With chansons gay my dark-skinned crew
Their paddles swing with lusty thew,
Till bursts within our eager view
The loved flag fluttering

Its lettered folds above the Fort,
Whence pours from gate and sally-port
A motley crowd of every sort
Joyously welcoming!

We gather round the roaring fire,
Forgetful of the perils dire
Safe passed, while laugh and jest mount higher
In friendly rivalry.

And hands are clasped, and glasses clink,
And toasts are pledged with nod and wink—
The dancing lights in chorus blink
And join the revelry.

Then pledge me my lieges and lustily sing,
While flare the back-logs and the pine-rafters ring—
No laggard shall serve the bold Fur-trader King!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS

THE NORTHERN SEAS

Up, up! let us a voyage take;
  Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
  Bound for the Northern Seas!

I long to see the Northern Lights,
  With their rushing splendors, fly
Like living things, with flaming wings,
  Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
  With heads all crowned with snow;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
  Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
  Of their terrific fall;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
  Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
  The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
  Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy mammoth hide;
Perfect as when, in times of old,
The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist
To rouse the northern fowl.

Up there shall start ten thousand wings,
With a rushing, whistling din;
Up shall the auk and fumar start,—
All but the fat penguin.

And there, in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly till we tread
By island streams, to see
Where the pelican of the silent North
Sits there all silently.

WILLIAM HOWITT

CANADIAN WINTER SONG

I sing you a song of Canadian Winter;
It is set to the tune of the jingling bells;
And its chorus hangs neither on speaker nor printer,
But free in the bosom its melody swells.
Its step is the stride of the hardy snow-shoer,
Its rhythm the sigh of the breeze through the pine,
And never Canadian suitor or wooer
Cared more for his cause than I covet for mine!

We have built you, O brothers, a Castle of Brightness;
The stones were ne'er quarried, yet noble they rise!
Its turrets and keep stand in beautiful whiteness,
Its portals are open—it dreads no surprise!
O'er each icy turret the banners are streaming,
Its panels emblazon St. Lawrence' clear wave,
And we walk or we glide 'mid the sparkling and gleaming
Of diamonds as bright as Golconda e'er gave!

They wrong us who say that our winters are dreary—
That happiness flies to some home in the South!—
Of our snow-lighted joys there are none of us weary,

E'en Boreas blows with a smile on his mouth!
Then come to our winter-sports! Come in your gladness,
And bring with you kindness like that you shall meet,
And learn to retreat from the presence of sadness
To Canada's Winter, and Ice-Palace sweet!

Oh, come from the West, where the long grassy billows
Are far as the sunset, and wide as the sea!
Oh, come from the South, where the sick on their pillows
Are dreaming of coolness, and gladness, and glee!
Come, buckle the snow-shoe, and mount the toboggan,
Come, clamber the mountain, and shoot down its side;
And own, if you will, there's a long catalogue in
The sports of our Winter, and Carnival-tide!

The gleam of the moon on each battlement lingers,
And angle and arch scatter stars in a shower;
And the blushing Aurora with fair rosy fingers
Is painting carnation on turret and tower.
The lights are all glancing on groups that are flitting
Through hall and through portal, with laughter and song,—

And the fair icy Castle is royally sitting—
The theme of the Bard, the delight of the throng.

You never saw castle so dainty and daring,—
Its walls so transparent, its turrets so bright;—
Nor yet does it lack, in its beautiful bearing,
Within its broad halls, for fair lady and knight!
It rose as if fashioned by fairy puissance,
It flashes in sunlight, and towers 'mid the storm;
It never grows old in our sweet reminiscence—
The Castle that warms us—yet never was warm!

We'll light up the life of the weak and the ailing,
With the clear frosty air of our sunshiny days;
The sleigh-bells and snow-shoes shall be more prevailing
Than all the proud antidote science conveys!
We'll bring back the bloom to the cheek that is faded,
And send the new blood coursing warm through the veins;
The heart that is saddened, the mind that is jaded,
Shall find a relief where our Winter-time reigns!

When summer, and sunshine, and gladness and glory
Are flooding the earth, and the air, and the sea,
Our sources of happiness come like a story
To which we but listen, and laugh in our glee:—

But winter demands we should make our enjoyment
In converse and friendship with all, as we can;
We are what we make ourselves; winter employment
Is making acquaintance with mind and with man!

And, lovers and friends, I would rather your faces
Were blooming in smiles for affection to see,
Than all the fine flowers with their colors and graces,
That grow in the garden, or hang from the tree!
Then let the short summer be lengthened out longer,
And longer again, till it takes in the year!
The sunshine of love in the heart growing stronger—
The blossoms of kindness, that never grow sere!

Then out with the sleigh-robes, and rein up the horses!
And let the snow batter from hoof and from heel!—
Command the toboggan, and vie with the forces
Of nature, in swiftness—no fear do we feel!
With snow-shoes, and sledges, and skates, and good nature,—
A smile in the morning, a welcome at night,
We value our winter, in every loved feature—
The high noon of friendship, the prime of delight!

WILLIAM WYE SMITH

A SKI CHANTY

The sky is blue, the snow lies deep,
The air is cold and still,
From snow-capped crags the white slopes sweep
In dimples down the hill:
Then ho! for the ski that runs so fleet,
The ski sticks twain, the fast'ning neat,
Then ho! for the twinkling of the feet,
As they scud thro' the drift, so smooth, so swift—
The gods be thanked for such a gift—
The ski!

Tho' the snow is soft and you sink to your knees,
And you feel your limbs ready to drop,
And your skis trip up in the roots of the trees,
And you murmur "How far to the top?"
Though you stagger and flounder and slither and lunge,
And into a snow-drift head-foremost you plunge
Till you look like a snow-man and drip like a sponge;
Yet the climb is soon done, soon you'll lunch in the sun,
And smile at the thought of the downward run—
On your ski.

Then with easy grace and well-balanced pose
A-down the slopes you skim,
While the frost lays siege to the tip of your nose
And your eyes begin to brim;
Yet faster you fly, and faster still,
Merrily, merrily, down the hill;
And what's the odds if you do get a spill—
With a swoop and a swerve and a swing and a curve
You'll very soon learn, if you've the nerve,—
To ski.

J. SWINBURNE

ON TO CUBE!

Listen to the wind, fellows;
Will you let him taunt you so?
He shall never find, fellows,
That, however wild he blow,
We will meekly sit and shiver
Here before a smouldering fire.

See the swirling snow, fellows,
Hear it rattle on the pane;
Blow it high or low, fellows,
It shall drift and swirl in vain;
We will never sit and shiver
Here before a smouldering fire.

Then wake up, boy, and take your skis,
And leave your mimic smouldering fire,
And the novel on your knees,
And your lazy little brier.
Fasten on your rawhide thongs,
And roll your blanket on your back,—
And it's out in the wind, and over the drifts,
And into the woods where the soft snow sifts,
With a merry heart and a well-filled pack,
And a cider jug of jolly songs;
In spite of wind, in spite of snow,
To Cube, with a puff, and a hey-hi-ho!

Camp-fire, moonlight, crunching snow,—
Wake up, boy, and let us go!

Wake up, boy, and face the bite
Of the boisterous winter wind;
Though your upper lip be white
With the hoar frost, and behind
Half your muffler whips and whisks.
You will feel your blood a-tingling,
And among the birches creaking
You will find what you are seeking,
Where the icicles fall jingling
And the light-foot rabbit frisks;
So it's on, in spite of wind and snow,
To Cube, with a puff, and a hey-hi-ho!

Camp-fire, moonlight, crunching snow—
Lively, boy, and let us go!

FRANKLIN McDUFFEE

THE WHITE EVENING

On hills, beneath the steely skies,
  The wind-tossed forests rock and roar:
  Along the river's ringing shore
Homeward the skimming skater flies.

On windy meads of icy brakes,
  Where, sheathed in sleet, the hawtree stands,
  The moon looks down on glistening lands,
Where with the cold each bramble shakes.

Last night the sleet made white the world:
  All day the wind moaned in the pines:
  Now like a wolf, that whines and whines,
Like some wild wolf its hate is hurled

Against the hut upon the wold,
  And the one willow by the stream:
  Where, huddled, in the moon's chill gleam,
The houseless hare leaps through the cold.

The moon sinks low, the thin new moon,
  And with it, like a bit of spar,
  Sinks down the large white evening-star,
Beneath which earth seems crystal-hewn.

Slim o'er the tree-tops, weighed with white,
The country church's spire doth swell,
A scintillating icicle;
While fitfully the village light

Stabs, stains with sallow stars the dark:
Homeward the creaking wagons strain:
The smithy glares: the tavern's vane
Points northward in its ghostly sark.

And from the north, with stinging lash,
Driving his herds of snow and sleet,
Upon his steed of wind, whose feet
Hurl through the iron woods and crash,

Along the hills, with blow on blow,
The tempest sweeps; before his shout
The moon and stars are blotted out,
And fold on fold rolls down the snow.

MADISON CAWEIN

THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL

Fling out the flaunting banners,
  The crimson roses fling,
Make way, make way, Signori,
  For merriment is king!
Fly faster, maddened horses,
  Through din of trumpet loud,
Crash down the dusty Corso,
  Cheered by the frantic crowd.

Sweep onward, gaudy pageant,
  In wild, uproarious glee,
Dark goblnis, elves fantastic,
  Strange shapes from land and sea,
Wave high the flaming torches!
  Clang loud the brazen bells!
The great enchanter, Carnival,
  Hath Rome within his spells.

Weary of heat and clamor,
  A young Italian lay
Beneath the ilex shadow
  When closed the burning day,
Faint as his faded garlands
  His drowsy eyelids seem,
The Spirit of the Carnival
  Is calling in his dream.

"Awake, oh Youth! Arouse thee,
And follow where I lead,
I know thine ardent nature,
Thy truth of word and deed;
Leave all the gilded folly,
The childish pranks and play,
This motley crowd of mummers
Fits not thy holiday.

Arise! I, too, have lingered
To laugh and jest awhile,
But as a king may pause to greet
A wilful beauty's smile,
Yet guardeth ever in his heart
An image pure and fair,
And hastening homewards to his Queen
Finds life and love are there.

So follow, follow where I lead
Across the western sea,
There shalt thou learn thy manhood's might
From farce and folly free."
The youth sighed in his sleep,—his soul
Obeyed the strange command,
The great Enchanter, Carnival,
Still led him by the hand;

And soon the groves of olives
  Dissolve in twilight gray,
The dim, blue shores of Italy
  Have faded far away,
Fresh draughts of life inhaling
  Where northern breezes blow,
A city lies before him,—
  The City of the Snow.

Like jewels brightly burning
  Upon a silver band
Her festal fires are flaming
  Across the moonlit land,
He sees her stately spires,
  Her towers traced in light,
He hears the sleighbells ringing
  Sweet music through the night.

"Behold!" the Enchanter whispered,
  "Gaze on and thou shalt see
Why Canada my kingdom,
  My chosen home should be,
Here all my sports and merriment
  To noble ends allied,
Teach manly strength and fortitude,
  A nation's truest pride."

The people keep high festival!
  The clear, cold air like wine
Quickens each pulse to bounding glee,
  Bright eyes with gladness shine,
With merry laughter following fast
  From summits far and nigh,
White wingéd petrels of the snow,
  The swift toboggans fly.

Gaze on, oh dreamer! Thou shalt see
  A fairy palace rise,
Seeming of mist and moonbeams born,
  Or poet's fantasies,
Within it throbs a soul of fire
  That glows through every part,
Softly as shines the light of love
Within a maiden's heart.

A moment, and the magic scene
  Grows strangely bright as day,
To arms! the foeman storms the gate,—
  Oh, guard it while ye may!
Hurrah! the rockets leap aloft,
  The crimson watch-fires flare,—
A rainbow shower of golden stars
  Breaks into glory there!

Afar on yonder mountain side
A chain of living light!
Each link a son of Canada
With torch the blazes bright,—
A jewelled Order proudly flung
On old Mount Royal's breast,
A starry circlet from the skies
Dropped on his snowy crest.

Then lights and city faded,
And the dreamer woke at last,—
Round him hung the old world languor,
Faint with memories of the past,
But his spirit glowed within him
And he felt the careless throng,
Lived and wrought in earnest fashion,
Toil or pastime, brave and strong.

So may faint hearts ever gather
From Canadian sports and play,
Something of the force that, working,
Hewed the forest, cleared the way.
Strong the roots and wide the branches
While the leaves dance in the sun,
And the pleasure turns to glory
When the game is fought, and won!

Now Carnival no longer wears
The bells as Fancy's fool,
He is a king whose subjects free
Are loyal to his rule;
Each merry heart beats true and fast
And knows amidst his play,
Tomorrow he can meet the foe,
Who tries his strength today.

Then guard it well, fair Canada,
Thy Festival of Snow,
Proving old Winter, stern and grim,
Thy friend and not thy foe;
And may thy sons build steadfastly
A Nation great and free,
Whose vast foundations stronger grow
From mighty sea to sea.

Long may Canadians bear thy name
In unity and pride,
Their progress, like thy rushing streams,
Roll a resistless tide,
Their hearts be tender as the flowers
That o'er thy valleys grow,
Their courage rugged as thy frost
When winds of winter blow,—
Their honour cloudless as thy skies,
And stainless as thy snow!

LILY ALICE LEFEVRE

THE SKATER'S SONG

Away on the glist'ning plain we go,
With our steely feet so bright;
Away! for the north winds keenly blow,
And winter's out to-night!

With the stirring shout of the joyous rout
To the ice-bound stream we hie;
On the river's breast, where snow-flakes rest,
We'll merrily onward fly!

Our fires flame high; by their midnight glare
We will wheel our way along,
And the white woods dim, and the frosty air,
Shall ring with the skater's song.

With a crew as bold as ever was told
For the wild and daring deed,
What can stay our flight by the fire's red light,
As we move with lightning speed?

We heed not the blast who are flying fast
As deer o'er the Lapland snow,
When the cold moon shines on snow-clad pines,
And wintry breezes blow.

The cheerful hearth, in the hall of mirth,
We have gladly left behind;
For a thrilling song is borne along
On the free and stormy wind.

Our hearts beating warm, we'll laugh at the storm
When it comes in a fearful rage,
"While, with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
A riotous game we'll wage."

By the starry light of a frosty night
We trace our onward way;
While on the ground with a splintering sound
The frost goes forth at play.

ANONYMOUS

WINTER RECALLED

Life is not all for effort; there are hours
When fancy breaks from the exacting will,
And rebel thought takes schoolboy's holiday,
Rejoicing in its idle strength. 'Tis then,
And only at such moments, that we know
The treasure of hours gone—scenes once beheld,
Sweet voices and words bright and beautiful,
Impetuous deeds that woke the God within us,
The loveliness of forms and thoughts and colours,
A moment marked and then as soon forgotten,
These things are ever near us, laid away,
Hidden and waiting the appropriate times,
In the quiet garner-house of memory.
There in the silent unaccounted depth,
Beneath the heated strainage and the rush,
That teem the noisy surface of the hours,
All things that ever touched us are stored up,
Growing more mellow like sealed wine with age;
We thought them dead, and they are but asleep.
In moments when the heart is most at rest
And least expectant, from the luminous doors,
And sacred dwelling-place of things unfeared,
They issue forth, and we who never knew
Till then how potent and how real they were,
Take them, and wonder, and so bless the hour.

Such gifts are sweetest when unsought. To me,
As I was loitering lately in my dreams,
Passing from one remembrance to another,
Like him who reads upon an outstretched map,
Content and idly happy, there rose up
Out of that magic well-stored picture house,
No dream, rather a thing most keenly real,
The memory of a moment, when with feet
Arrested and spell-bound, and captured eyes,
Made wide with joy and wonder, I beheld
The spaces of a white and wintry land
Swept with the fire of sunset, all its width,
Vale, forest, town and misty eminence,
A miracle of colour and of beauty.

I had walked out, as I remember now,
With covered ears, for the bright air was keen,
To southward up the gleaming snow-packed fields,
With the snowshoer's long rejoicing stride,
Marching at ease. It was a radiant day
In February, the month of the great struggle
'Twixt sun and frost, when with advancing spears,
The glittering golden vanguard of the spring
Holds the broad winter's yet unbroken rear
In long-closed wavering contest. Thin pale threads
Like streaks of ash across the far-off blue
Were drawn, nor seemed to move. A brooding
silence

Kept all the land, a stillness as of sleep;
But in the east the gray and motionless woods,
Watching the great sun's fiery slow decline,
Grew deep with gold. To westward all was silver.
An hour had passed above me; I had reached
The loftiest level of the snow-piled fields,
Clear-eyed, but unobservant, noting not
That all the plain beneath me and the hills
Took on a change of colour splendid, gradual,
Leaving no spot the same; not that the sun
Now like a fiery torrent overflamed
The great line of the west. Ere yet I turned
With long stride homeward, being heated
With the loose swinging motion, weary too,
Nor uninclined to rest, a buried fence,
Whose topmost log just shouldered from the snow,
Made me a seat, and thence with heated cheeks,
Grazed by the north wind's edge of stinging ice,
I looked far out upon the snow-bound waste,
The lifting hills and intersecting forests,
The scarce marked courses of the buried streams,
And as I looked lost memory of the frost,
Transfixed with wonder, overborne with joy.
I saw them in their silence and their beauty,
Swept by the sunset's rapid hand of fire,
Sudden, mysterious, every moment deepening
To some new majesty of rose or flame.
The whole broad west was like a molten sea

Of crimson. In the north the light-lined hills
Were veiled far off as with a mist of rose
Wondrous and soft. Along the darkening east
The gold of all the forests slowly changed
To purple. In the valley far before me,
Low sunk in sapphire shadows, from its hills,
Softer and lovelier than an opening flower,
Uprose a city with its sun-touched towers,
A bunch of amethysts.

Like one spell-bound
Caught in the presence of some god, I stood,
Nor felt the keen wind and the deadly air,
But watched the sun go down, and watched the gold
Fade from the town and the withdrawing hills,
Their westward shapes athwart the dusky red
Freeze into sapphire, saw the arc of rose
Rise ever higher in the violet east,
Above the forefront of the uprearing night
Remorsefully soft and sweet. Then I awoke
As from a dream, and from my shoulders shook
The warning chill, till then unfelt, unfeared.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

WINTER SPORTS

Slow sinks the golden sun behind the woods,
The shivering woods of winter. The red flush,
That blooms along the cloud-land world above,
Tinting the floating clouds with hues of rose,
Rests on the naked woods, and gilds their tops.
The chestnut groves, that fringe the upland slopes,
And willows light that skirt the frozen stream,
Black alders springing from the oozy marsh,
And the lithe silver poplars, slim and tall,
Touch'd by the slanting beam, are fair to see.
Deep lies the snow in many a drifted heap
O'er turfy mounds beneath the lifeless woods.
Their rugged boles are sprinkled with the flakes,
Or crusted o'er with adamantine ice,
That like a silver armor clasps them round;
Each leafless twig and sapless spray is gemm'd
With jewels crystalline, that shift and shine
And twinkle as the murmuring breeze sweeps by.
'Tis like some grotto in enchanted land,
When tricksy elves and fairies hold their court
And in their frolic merriment adorn
The haunted precincts with ice jewelry,
Twining their wreaths of pearl and amethyst
And crystal garlands to bedeck the haunt.
Mute lies the shining river in its bed,
And mute the glistening lake outspreads its sheet.

The foamy waterfall of summer-time
That down the mossy rocks its torrent pour'd,
Freshing the drooping ferns and rosy blooms,
Now grim in icy death, rests motionless,
The white cascade that turn'd the miller's wheel
And with its churning foam made endless din,
Fix'd by the frost's enchantment, moves no more.
The white, untrampled fields immense extend
Their crested slopes to th' horizon's edge,

Trod by no cropping herd or browsing flock,
Lifeless save when the woodman's weary team,
Laden with forest spoil, ploughs thro' the waste.
The piping quail no longer skims the space,
Nor comes the limping hare or prowling fox,
For all have vanish'd into hemlock woods.
But down the country road, with hedges lin'd,
The farmer opes the way with cumbrous sledge;
And there the merry sleighs, with jingling bells,
And prancing team, and song and laughter loud,
Cheer with their jocund life the barren scene.
Though shapeless drifts beset the cottage home,
And white on roof and gable rests the snow
Yet youthful faces beam around the hearth,
And merry jests prolong the winter night,
And viol's tinkle, and the dancers' feet.

ISAAC MCLELLAN

WINTER

Winter was not unkind because uncouth,
His prisoned time made me a closer guest
And gave thy graciousness a warmer zest,
Biting all else with keen and angry tooth:
And bravelier the triumphant blood of youth
Mantling thy cheek its happy home possest,
And sterner sport by day put strength to test,
And custom's feast at night gave tongue to truth.

Or say, hath flaunting summer a device
To match our midnight revelry that rang
With steel and flame along the snow-girt ice?
Or when we harked to nightingales that sang
On dewy eves in spring, did they entice
To gentler love than winter's icy fang?

ROBERT BRIDGES

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